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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE German elections are very disappointing because they give no clear guidance. It is impossible to say what will be the policy of the next Government. The only certainty at the moment is that the present Government intends, as the Berlin correspondent of the *Times* says, "to continue the active direction of foreign policy until the Reichstag meets." The Reichstag cannot meet before May 20th. The situation is, indeed, thoroughly confused, and we fear that the elaborate system of Proportional Representation under which the elections were conducted is largely responsible for the confusion. The principal outcome of the elections is increased strength for the extremists of both sides. Their gains, of course, are at the expense of the Centre, or moderate, Party. Meanwhile President Ebert has returned to Berlin to take in hand the work of forming the next Cabinet. One good sign amid much that is discouraging is that the Nationalists, now that they have become a strong party and see the possibility of directing the next Cabinet, are talking with appreciably less violence against the Dawes Report.

The election returns are not quite complete when we go to press, but so far as is known the Social Democrats are now the strongest party. According to the *Times* the figures are:—

Social Democrats	100
Nationalists	96
Centre	65
Communists	62
German People's Party	44
Freedom Party	32
Democrats	28
Bavarian People's Party	16
Bavarian Peasants	10
Land Unions	9
Hanoverians	5
German Socials	4

It should be noted that if the nine votes of the Land Unions are reckoned as Nationalist votes the Nationalist figure is brought up to 105. The matter is not unimportant, as the President of the Reichstag is appointed from the strongest party. Light may possibly come out of darkness if the doubtful attitude of the German electors towards the Dawes Report hardens French opinion in favour of accepting it.

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The Nationalist leaders are said to be divided as to whether they should join with the Freedom Party (the real Diehards) in uncompromising hostility to the Report or should try, while accepting the Report in substance, to secure the alteration of details. They cannot be reminded too plainly, however, that the Report, as its authors insisted, is an indivisible whole. No one pretends that every sentence of the Report is inspired, but any attempt to re-write the Report—that would be the meaning of any negotiations on the subject—would involve indefinite delay and almost certainly a final breakdown. The acceptance of the Report is Germany's one way of freedom and security, as it is also the only available remedy for all the ills of France and of the rest of Europe. It is some satisfaction to be able to add that the French comment on the elections has been temperate. The *Temps* in particular deprecates any idea of setting French Nationalism at the throat of German Nationalism. That, it justly remarks, would expose France to the charge of cultivating private enmity against Germany.

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The State Department at Washington has published papers with reference to the diversion of the waters of the Great Lakes for the purposes of drainage and sanitation at Chicago. The papers also deal with the project of a canal between Chicago and the Mississippi, which would provide a waterway for vessels drawing not more than 9 feet, from Lake Michigan to the Gulf of Mexico. The conflicting arguments between the United States and Canada are a vivid illustration of the old truth that flowing water is everybody's property. You cannot check or divert a stream without injuring somebody further up or lower down. The level of Lake Michigan has already been considerably lowered by the use made of its waters to carry away the drainage of Chicago. This lowering of the lake has also lowered the levels of several Canadian harbours. Even the Ocean Shipping Canal between Montreal and the sea has been affected. The

Canadians naturally say that the district of Chicago should dispose of its sewage in some more scientific way than that of carrying it off by a prodigal flush of water. The Washington correspondent of the *Times* points out that the United States Federal Government has taken proceedings against the sanitary district of Chicago, but that the whole matter is still *sub judice*. No decision is expected for some months.

* * * *

On Friday, May 2nd, Mr. Baldwin, speaking to the Primrose League, made an important statement on Unionist policy. The problem, he said, was to reconcile democracy with the management of the Empire. The Empire must live under democracy or not at all. At present the Dominions thought that Great Britain was reluctant to enter into commercial arrangements with them, and the danger was that they would be attracted into other economic orbits. While we showed this reluctance to our own kith and kin we were taking the hand of strangers from Moscow. Unionists were ready to enter into any conference to consider the limitation of armaments, and the League of Nations would be the pivot of their foreign policy. The maintenance of our connexion with India was vital; the grant of constitutional liberties must be in proportion to the capacity of the Indian people. The Unionist Party accepted the electoral verdict of last December, and would put forward no general tariff. If returned to power they would deal with industries suffering from unfair foreign competition by some means analogous to that of the Safeguarding of Industries Act. In another speech last Saturday Mr. Baldwin pointed out the absence of any reasonable ratio between certain retail prices and wholesale prices. If returned to power he would institute an inquiry into retail "profiteering."

* * * *

All the public statements which have been made in connexion with the Irish Boundary problem since we wrote last week confirm us in the belief that the British Government do not intend to force a settlement. They will encourage the two parts of Ireland to compose their differences in a friendly way, and, as that is the only way, we are sure that the policy which we are attributing to the Government is a wise one. Northern Ireland will not be coerced. On Thursday, May 1st, Sir James Craig, at a luncheon given by the Ulster Association, repudiated the suggestion of Lord Birkenhead that Northern Ireland should appoint a member to the Boundary Commission, and in doing so revealed an interesting piece of history. He said that he and Mr. Michael Collins, with the approval of the British Government, agreed on January 21st, 1922, upon a supplement to the Treaty which read as follows:—

> "The Boundary Commission as outlined in the Treaty to be altered, the Governments of the Free State and Northern Ireland to appoint one representative each, to report to Mr. Collins and Sir James Craig, who will mutually agree on behalf of the respective Governments on the future boundaries between the two."

* * * *

Sir James Craig added that he was prepared, on behalf of the people of Ulster, to enter again into that agreement. Provided that it was understood that the settlement was to be by agreement between the two peoples, he was ready to use the "whole of his weight and energy" in rearranging the boundary. Surely an offer which was good enough for Mr. Michael Collins is good enough now. On Tuesday in the Northern Parliament Sir James Craig definitely announced his refusal to appoint a member to the Commission. As we said last week, the Treaty contains no machinery whatever for *imposing* a settlement; it provides only for mutual agreement. An imposed settlement would mean special legislation, and when the British Government had taken up the position of arbiter against the wishes of one part of Ireland—as would be bound to happen—the whole Irish trouble would begin over again, with Great Britain bearing the responsibility. We do not believe that Mr. MacDonald and his colleagues contemplate such madness. If it were proposed that Northern Ireland, contrary to the terms of the Treaty, was to be territorially reduced so far that life would become economically impossible for her, the majority of the British people would have nothing to do with such an outrage. And yet if Northern Ireland were not thus reduced, most of the Free Staters—though not, we believe, Mr. Cosgrave himself—would not accept the verdict.

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In the House of Commons on Monday Mr. J. H. Thomas was once more closely questioned about the Irish boundary. He stated that in response to the request of the Free State that the Boundary Commission should be constituted, the Government had requested Northern Ireland to appoint a Commissioner. The Free State had already appointed Mr. John McNeill. Steps were being taken to appoint "a qualified person as Chairman." Sir William Davison asked whether the Government adhered to what had been laid down by three previous Governments, that in no circumstances would territory be taken from Ulster unless Ulster consented. Mr. Thomas repeated, for we suppose the twentieth time, that the Government would "give effect to Article 12 of the Treaty." When Lord Curzon inquired whether Mr. Thomas agreed with the interpretation of this clause which had been set forth by Mr. Lloyd George when the Treaty was going through the House, Mr. Thomas replied: "It is not our duty to interpret the clause, but to give effect to it." It is a delightful notion that effect can be given to a clause without interpreting it—although it is just about the interpretation that there are so many opinions. Anyhow, does not all this confirm our interpretation of Mr. Thomas's policy, which is the very safe and sensible one of formally acknowledging the authority of the Treaty and doing his very best to bring about an agreement by consent?

* * * *

Friday, May 2nd, in the House of Commons, when the Second Reading of Mr. A. Rendall's Proportional Representation Bill was taken, had much more than the interest of an ordinary Private Member's day. The debate was, not incidentally but chiefly, a trial of strength between the Government and the Liberal Party. For weeks the Liberals, as we all know, have been complaining of their treatment by Labour; they are snubbed in the House of Commons, just as though they did not hold powers of life and death over the Government! And in the constituencies Labour tries to hunt Liberal candidates off the field. Accordingly last week the Liberal Party, in solemn conclave, thought out a policy for bringing so graceless a Government to its senses. The plan deliberately adopted, though one would have expected deliberation to produce a more intelligent scheme, was to make Mr. Rendall's Proportional Representation Bill a test case. It was to throw the Liberal shield over the Bill and to dare the Government to injure it. If the Government dared in spite of this awful threat, war was to be declared.

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At least what we have said was the general interpretation of the Liberal manoeuvre, though we ought to add that Mr. Asquith, speaking at Chelmsford on Wednesday, declared that nothing in the nature of an ultimatum to the Government was ever intended. We fancy, however, that if the manoeuvre had succeeded, the warning to the Government would have been joyfully spoken

of as an ultimatum. In any case, it was surely a very curious policy to choose Proportional Representation as the test. No doubt a large proportion of Liberals desire Proportional Representation—a larger proportion than in any other party—yet there are Liberals who do not like it. Similarly there are many Unionists and Labour men who want it, but also many who do not want it. It is one of the last questions which can be usefully used as a political test. The Liberal threat was particularly injudicious, as it was quite well known that the Prime Minister himself is not a believer in Proportional Representation. The outcome might have been foreseen.

* * * *

There might have been a Labour majority for Proportional Representation in normal circumstances, but there could hardly have been one in circumstances which would have enabled Liberals exultantly to declare that Labour had fearfully obeyed the order "On the knee!" The arguments for and against Proportional Representation, all of which reappeared in the debate, are so well known that we shall not follow them. Enough to say that Mr. Asquith, who used to be opposed to Proportional Representation, displayed a convenient enthusiasm for it on this occasion. Mr. Henderson, speaking for the Government, said that they had decided to leave the decision to a free vote of the House. But even if the Bill was approved that day the Government could not offer any facilities; nor could they promise to bring in a Bill of their own. In the division 144 voted for the Bill, and 238 against—a hostile majority of 94. Thus the patient Liberal oxen—to employ Mr. Lloyd George's recent metaphor—were led to the slaughter. After all, they had asked for it; and one can only hope that the methods of slaughter were generally regarded as humane.

* * * *

We must add a few remarks as to our own position with regard to Proportional Representation. For some years we have supported it on the ground that it would secure the representation of minorities, which are now too often excluded, or the strength of which, at all events, is inadequately exercised. Looking back, we do not think that if we were to start afresh on the controversy, we would come to a different conclusion than we did on the abstract merits of the case. But we are bound to confess that our opinion has been very greatly changed by the actual experience of Proportional Representation in places where we have been able to watch its operation with some knowledge of the conditions—for instance, in Germany and in Northern Ireland. In Northern Ireland the loyalists cannot, of course, complain that Proportional Representation did them a numerical injustice as they obtained an overwhelming majority. In spite of that, however, most of those who accepted it in virtue of the abstract arguments do not like it now that they have seen it in operation. They find that a member is in less close touch with his constituents, and in a relation of less conscious responsibility.

* * * *

In Germany the most elaborate form of Proportional Representation yet devised was applied, and the results there again are thoroughly disappointing. The elections, though unquestionably giving fair representation to small, and even obscure, groups, leave the only issue which at the moment really matters in an indeterminate and vague state. That makes legislation with real authority more difficult than it has ever been. A single transferable vote might supply some measure of justice to minorities without paralyzing the power of a Government to legislate on a principal issue, but the one and only means of securing that minorities shall not be obliterated by majorities, that log-rolling groups shal not roll their logs with sinister success, and that the insidious and hidden dangers of minority rule shall be prevented, is the Referendum. The Referendum, as has been proved in the many countries which have tried it, gives the clear and true answer of the people to the question: "Do you, or do you not, want this particular Bill which has been passed through all its stages?" It means fairness for all. Let us concentrate on the Referendum. It does not, as Proportional Representation apparently does in practice, defeat the aims of democracy while professing to serve them.

* * * *

At Liverpool on Wednesday Mr. Churchill, speaking to a Conservative meeting, denounced the Government and proposed that Liberalism should form "a left wing" of Unionism to resist Socialism. We agree with his objection to the removal of the McKenna duties. No doubt both the good and the evil of the duties have been greatly exaggerated. What we deplore is the unsettlement which is being caused.

* * * *

In the House of Commons on Tuesday Mr. Austen Chamberlain asked Mr. Clynes whether the Government, in sanctioning the writing of articles in the Press by Ministers, accepted collective responsibility for such articles to the same extent as it was customary to accept responsibility for statements of policy made in other forms. Mr. Clynes's answer was notable: "Yes, Sir. The Government accept collective responsibility for the statements of Ministers on questions of policy regardless of the form in which the statements are made." We read this unqualified declaration with great satisfaction. In our judgment half the troubles of recent Governments have been due to a want of Cabinet solidarity; and solidarity has been wanting because Cabinets have not been true to the strict tradition of collective responsibility. The voice of one is the voice of all—that is the only safe rule.

* * * *

Mr. Henry Morgenthau, who was formerly American Ambassador at Constantinople, and who has been organizing the relief of the Greek refugees, has announced that the Greek Government has offered to lend to America the famous statue of Hermes with the infant Dionysus. The statue, which was discovered at Olympia in 1877, is perhaps the most precious of all the relics of ancient Greece. The experts are agreed in attributing it to Praxiteles. Mr. Morgenthau told a representative of the *Manchester Guardian* that he had heard in Athens that some enterprising American was trying to form a syndicate to buy the Hermes. Members of the Greek Government to whom he mentioned the matter declared that any Greek Cabinet which sold the Hermes might just as well commit suicide, as they would certainly be torn limb from limb by the public. Mr. Morgenthau, who is the Lord Knutsford of America, then suggested that the Hermes might be lent to America in order to be exhibited, and that the "gate money" should go to the refugees. The Greek Prime Minister replied, "We can't make Hermes a beggar. But we appreciate so deeply what you have done that we will lend you the Hermes for nothing." Perhaps this is a distinction without a difference, for we hope that the effect will be to help the refugees financially. If the Hermes is really taken to America, what ship will be considered safe enough to carry it? And for what sum will it be insured?

* * * *

Bank Rate, 4 per cent., changed from 3 per cent. July 5th. 5 per cent. War Loan, 100⅝; Thursday week, 100½; a year ago, 100⅞.

3½ per cent. Conversion Loan, 77 19/32; Thursday week, 77 11/32; a year ago, 80.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

WANTED—A MEDITERRANEAN POLICY.

HAVE we a Mediterranean Policy, and if we have, what is it? I confess to ignorance on the point, though I have often looked for guidance in the speeches and writings of our statesmen, Unionist, Liberal and Labour. Yet there can be no doubt that in the interests of peace, international stability and good will, quite as much as in those of the British Empire, we ought to consider and define our policy, and let other nations know our aims and aspirations with regard to what is the most important body of waters in Europe, and one of the most important in the world. We have, it is certain, no aggressive and no selfish aims in the Mediterranean. This fact, however, is not as clear to the rest of the world as it is to the British people. Their doubts as to our intentions and desires make it all the more essential to have a plain and understandable policy set forth in regard to the Mediterranean. If not, acts which are quite sound and reasonable in themselves may appear disturbing to Powers which are as vitally concerned with the Mediterranean as we are—and in their own view even more vitally. Take, for example, the rearrangements of our Fleets, under which in the near future the greater part of our sea forces are to rest upon a Mediterranean base. We ourselves do not doubt that in coming to this determination the Admiralty have shown wisdom and foresight. Properly understood, their decision should have the approval of all the friends of peace. It is an act of good intent, not of aggression. At the same time the underlying policy may, and we believe does, require to be explained.

Our interests are primarily based upon what is to us a clear necessity—the maintenance of the freedom of the seas. We are the greatest of sea-carriers, and the Mediterranean is, and must remain, one of the greatest of the passage-ways of commerce. It is even more than that to us. It is the highway by which the various portions of the sea-joined British Empire communicate with the Mother Country, and through her with each other. The nerves and sinews of our Empire run through the Mediterranean, and unless they can remain undisturbed we shall be placed at a great disadvantage. It is for this reason that we hold the quasi-island of Gibraltar, the islands of Malta and Cyprus, and Palestine and its shores. It is because of this that we have acquired such large interests, pecuniary and political, in the Suez Canal, and have felt compelled to reserve important rights in Egypt, even while we are establishing the complete independence of that country in the matter of internal government.

Our physical possessions in the Mediterranean are in fact based upon our overseas trade and our overseas communications. We hold our possessions at the western and the eastern approaches to the Mediterranean and our halfway-house of Malta as material guarantees for interests which are essential.

When we come to translate that policy into practice we have to consider our duties and obligations to the great States whose shores are washed by the Mediterranean, and whose rights and interests are as immediate and as vital as our own. We have no right and no wish to control the Mediterranean in our selfish or exclusive interests, or to regard our naval strength as an instrument or symbol of domination. We must act not by ourselves, but in unison with other Powers.

The first of the Powers which demands our consideration, not only for geographical reasons but on the grounds of long and well-founded amity and sympathy, is Italy. Italy is a Power which occupies an altogether special position in the Mediterranean. The freedom of those seas is more necessary to her than to any other nation. Not only has Italy the longest Mediterranean coastline in Europe, but she has no other sea outlet. France, in the Channel and along her western shores, has plenty of doors and windows opening on the Atlantic. Spain, again, has an ample Atlantic coastline. Italy has but one sea-gate—the Mediterranean. Therefore Italy must always be specially considered, whenever any changes or developments take place in the Mediterranean.

We ought, in my judgment, never to take any step which concerns the Mediterranean except in consultation with Italy. It is for this reason that I deplore our oversight in not insisting that Italy should be brought into the negotiations in regard to Tangier and its hinterland. I do not suggest for a moment that in settling the Tangier question we neglected or lost sight of the interests of Italy, but I hold most strongly that Italy should have been directly represented at the Conferences at which the pending scheme was drawn up. The African shores of the western gate into the Mediterranean must concern the most Mediterranean of Mediterranean Powers. We must also remember that Italy is a North African Power and a Red Sea Power. Both gates are her concern.

To what do these considerations point in deciding future action? In my opinion, to action in regard to the Mediterranean analogous to that which took place at the Washington Conference in regard to the stabilization, in the interests of Peace, of the North-Eastern Pacific and the regulation and reduction of the naval armaments maintained in those waters. Why should not the British Government propose to Italy, France, Spain, Greece and Turkey the holding of a Mediterranean Conference in which, on the analogy of the Washington Conference, we should secure a local regularization and restriction of naval armaments, and so put an end to many fears, jealousies and doubts? By this means we could prevent a progressive expenditure upon naval armaments. No one was injured by the naval agreement between Britain, the United States, Japan and France. No Power was made to feel insecure or left at the mercy of any other Power or Powers; and yet a real check was given to that appalling naval competition in which the auction bids will in future be in units of battleships, costing perhaps ten or twelve million pounds apiece! It is not suggested that any of the Powers should "scrap" their navies; but, at any rate, let us stabilize the existing position and not start new building programmes. The Government, in order to benefit mankind in this way, must be willing to run certain risks and make certain sacrifices, as we did at Washington. It is Great Britain who should take the lead in the matter of what we may term proportional disarmament.

Could there be a place more appropriate for a meeting of such a Conference than Sicily—the place which throughout history was the clearing-house of Mediterranean trade and intercourse? To Sicily came the Phoenicians, the Greeks, the Romans, the Arabs, and even the Vikings and the Normans. Why should not representatives of the European World once more be gathered together at a Palermo Conference?

The agenda of the Conference might be:—(1) The three gates of the Mediterranean—*i.e.*, the Straits of Gibraltar, the Entrance to the Suez Canal, the Entrance to the Black Sea. (2) Proportional Naval Disarmament. (3) Mutual Guarantees for the Free Passage of the Mediterranean.

J. St. Loe Strachey.

THE PRESS ATTACKS ON MR. BALDWIN.

EVER since Mr. Baldwin was confirmed in his leadership of the Unionist Party at the meeting at the Hotel Cecil, he has been subjected to persistent attacks in the Press. We have not thought it necessary to refer to these attacks up to now, because experience has so often proved that newspaper articles obviously inspired with a special animus have little or no effect upon the mind of the public. It is true that occasionally a violent Press campaign has resulted in the fall of the man against whom it was directed, the classic examples of this during the War being Lord Jellicoe and Sir William Robertson. But in these cases the authorities had determined, on strategical grounds, to relieve both the First Sea Lord and the Chief of the Imperial General Staff, and the Press was simply used, and in our opinion most improperly used, to prepare the public for changes which had previously been decided upon. Otherwise, Press attacks on individuals have been, as has been pointed out, singularly ineffective, and in certain cases, notably that of Lord Kitchener, have increased the popularity and prestige of their intended victims. The attacks on Mr. Baldwin have, however, now reached such a pitch that it is almost impossible for anyone who is studying the present condition of politics to continue to ignore them.

The leader of the "Anti-Baldwin" campaign has been, and is, Lord Beaverbrook, and he enjoys the half-hearted and somewhat timorous support of Lord Rothermere. On the whole, the assault has not been conducted with any very great display of intelligence. The consideration afforded by the Leader of the Unionist Party to the Prime Minister in matters of high policy, to which we have previously referred, and for which we have constantly pressed in the *Spectator*, has offered a good target for cheap criticism, and this has been taken advantage of. In its earlier stages, the campaign proceeded on average "music-hall" lines, distinguished only by its crudity and almost childish *naïveté*. The following paragraph from the *Daily Express* is fairly representative. "Some of Mr. Baldwin's recent utterances sound rather Socialistic, and his kindly consideration of Mr. MacDonald in the Ranker Officers Debate, among other things, for instance, gives colour to this assumption. It is said by some that Mr. Baldwin is coming under the influence of his son, who is a pronounced Socialist." Such methods of attack may be safely left to the judgment of the public.

With the Westminster by-election, a new phase in the story of this curious undercurrent of calculated and unfair animosity began. It is no secret that many of Mr. Churchill's supporters hoped that Mr. Churchill would himself supplant Mr. Baldwin as leader of the Unionist Party. And the public felt that the almost hysterical support of Mr. Churchill by Lord Beaverbrook and Lord Rothermere was an indication of this design. Many people were apprehensive, and not unnaturally, that behind this clamorous Press campaign to get Mr. Churchill in lay a plot to secure the return of the old Coalition "gang" to power. One thing, at any rate, is certain, and that is that Lord Beaverbrook did Mr. Churchill no service by continuing his attacks on Mr. Baldwin during the election campaign. In our opinion, Mr. Churchill's defeat was primarily attributable to this cause. Thwarted thus far in their efforts, the attackers immediately set about revising their methods. They returned to the charge with renewed vigour, and it is here that the affair begins to assume a more sinister aspect.

We should be the last to deny the right and indeed the duty of the Press to criticize any public man as it thinks fit, provided the criticism is fair and the motive sincere. We do not, however, consider it fair to accuse Mr. Baldwin of accepting directorships which will distract him from his arduous task as Leader of the Opposition, when, in fact, he has accepted the post of Vice-President of a distinguished Scottish life insurance office, a post which, as everyone ought to know, is a purely honorary one, corresponding to that of "patron," and involving no work whatsoever and no pay. Nor do we consider it fair to attack Mr. Baldwin for not speaking in the first stages of the Budget debate, and to accuse him of idleness on this ground. Mr. Baldwin's reasons for not intervening last week are obvious. He was engaged in preparing three very important speeches, embodying the policy of the Unionist Party. The *Daily Express* did not print the speech to the members of the Junior Imperial League, in which Mr. Baldwin outlined his social programme. That is not our concern, but we protest against an indictment which first accuses the leader of a great party of impotence, and then fails to print an important speech delivered by him.

The climax of these attacks upon one of the most honourable of our public men was reached when the May issue of a magazine called *English Life* published an article entitled "The Jelly Bulwarks of the Conservative Party," purporting to be written by a Conservative ex-Minister. The article is personal and vituperative, and filled with gossip of a rather unedifying kind. Mr. Baldwin's leadership is described as impotent and his "amiable weakness" said to be "scandalously exploited." Colonel Jackson exhibits "squalid weakness." Sir William Joynson-Hicks "is greatly dissatisfied with Mr. Baldwin's leadership, as are indeed most of his colleagues." And so on. To give an air of reality to the article the personal pronoun is frequently introduced, thus: "During that memorable contest I as a former Minister held that no ex-Minister should interfere in a by-election." Further, the *Daily Mail* was "authorized" to state that the article was written by a member of the "Shadow Cabinet." He remains strictly anonymous, however, and the article should receive no more consideration than this particular type of journalism merits. For ourselves, we fear that the editor of *English Life* has been badly imposed upon. It is inconceivable that any man high up in the counsels of the Unionist Party should be guilty of such an act of folly and disloyalty. We can definitely state that this article was not written by any member of the "Shadow Cabinet." And we challenge the editor of *English Life* to prove that it was.

We do not profess to know what is behind these attacks. but we protest most emphatically against such methods as we have outlined. And the fact that these methods are used forces us to doubt the sincerity and the motives of their employers. Is the whole of this anti-Baldwin Press "stunt" designed to further the best interests of the Unionist Party and of the country? We cannot think so. By the persistence and character of the attacks the publications concerned lay themselves open to the charge of using their position—a position of trust—to pursue a personal vendetta. We have, in the past, strongly criticized Mr. Baldwin's policy and leadership, and doubtless we shall do so in the future, though we have nothing but praise for his conduct in opposition.

For such attacks as these, however, we have nothing but contempt, moral and intellectual. They are a monstrous compound of distemper and ignorance. And none can have a better right to repudiate them than we have.

THE LAST ATTEMPT.

THE result of the German elections is to endanger the renewed attempts at a European settlement. Or, rather, we may say that it endangers the present attempt of the Allies to reach a settlement on their own terms and by their own efforts on the basis of the Treaty of Versailles. For, let us make no mistake about it, a European settlement *will* ultimately emerge, but, if the present attempt fails, it will be a settlement not of our making, in which the term reparations has ceased to find a place, in which the security of France is by no means considered the necessity it seems to-day, and in which the only Polish Corridor will be the "Corridor" made by Russian or by German divisions marching through a conquered country.

This is only to say that, in the opinion of most competent observers, the negotiations that are now being opened on the basis of the Dawes Report are the last coherent effort which that block of victorious nations, still called the Allies, can make to arrange a world to their liking. For five years now they have had the power to impose their will upon the Continent of Europe. But they have never been able sufficiently to agree on any plan which was inherently feasible to enable them to translate that power into a European system. Now once again they are making a combined attempt to agree on common action and unitedly to enforce their decisions.

Few can suppose that, if this time also they fail, they can any longer be kept together. The great "Coalition" will break up. Britain will drift into transatlantic isolation; France will gather her vassal states around her; the League will finally retire to Geneva. Then, indeed, there will be "a settlement of Europe"—but it will be at the price of a new war, a war of the revolt of the conquered peoples, and it will be overshadowed by the return of Russia and her dream of World Revolution. Thus, it is the efforts at the avoidance of a new war which the German election results endanger. We say endanger, not frustrate, because unquestionably the elections might have been worse. It is probable that there is still a bare majority in the Reichstag in favour of the acceptance of the Dawes Report—that is, in favour of co-operation with the Allies in their effort at reaching a settlement on the present basis. But it may be objected, What does it matter whether Germany accepts the settlement or whether she does not? The Allies still have overwhelming power. Let them use it to enforce their just demands. This is, in essence, the clear and logically defensible attitude of M. Poincaré. But unfortunately it takes no account of the one overwhelming lesson which the last five years have taught—that the consent of the defeated to any scheme of reconstruction is as necessary as the unity of the victors. For, in origin, though it may seem merely ironic to say so to-day, the Treaty of Versailles and the reparations plan were, after all, a scheme for the reconstruction of Europe, instead of, as they have in so large measure become, the instruments of the disorganization and destruction of the nations of the Eastern half of the Continent. If they had been this, they could have been enforced by the unchallenged physical power of the Allies, and would not have been dependent in any way upon German consent. They were primarily designed, however, like every other European Treaty, to provide a basis under which the turbulent peoples of Europe might live together in peace if not in friendliness for a few years. In this, its primary function, the Treaty of Versailles appears to be going to be singularly less successful than its much abused predecessor, the Treaty of Paris, after the Congress of Vienna, and it is less successful for this one reason, that it has never secured the acceptance of the defeated nations. We do not believe with some of its critics that this was necessarily so. We believe that it has been the French interpretation and application of the Treaty which have made it unworkable, but, at all events, unworkable it has been. The appointment of the Experts' Committees was a tacit admission of this fact. Their Reports are, in effect, an attempt so to amend the financial provisions of the Treaty as to render them workable. The negotiations which are now going on between the Allied Governments are an attempt so to ameliorate the political results of the Treaty (the occupation of the Ruhr, for instance) as to make them tolerable because accepted, at any rate as a *modus vivendi*, by both parties.

And it must be realized that the success or failure of this attempt will be apparent directly we know whether a majority in France or Germany does indeed accept the new set of proposals. (The acceptance of literally almost any scheme by this country is assured.) But as the Dawes Report is the only part of the proposals which has as yet been formulated, it provides the test instance of whether the whole will be accepted. Now, it is obvious that the Dawes scheme is the very least that France will agree to (indeed, it is more than doubtful whether she does agree to it). On the other hand, as the German elections have shown, it is just about the maximum that German opinion will stand.

Thus, it is obvious that the experts have done their work well, and that their scheme has as good a chance as possible of receiving that simultaneous body of consent both in France and Germany which alone can give any scheme reality. Therefore, if the Dawes Report is not accepted and put into operation by both parties, it will be a final proof that a European settlement on the present basis without a new war is impossible. No new scheme is in the least likely to succeed where the Dawes Report has failed. It is the greatest common measure of the German and French points of view on the reparations problem, the hammered-out basis of agreement, and if it is repudiated we shall know that there is no longer any will to agree and that the Versailles settlement of Europe is doomed to early extinction.

With the publication of the results of the German elections we have a fairly clear indication of the degree of support which the Dawes scheme may expect from a German Government. It seems probable, despite the view of the *Times* correspondent, that the old Coalition of the German People's Party, the Centre, the Democrats and the Socialists, which has been governing Germany, at any rate in name, for the last five years, will be revived; and this for the simple reason that it is still the only group of parties professing just conceivably reconcilable views which can command a majority in the Reichstag. Such a Coalition would command some 230 votes against an Opposition commanding anything from 180 to 220 votes. It is hard to see how any other combination of parties could sustain a Government. Thus, in some form or another, a Government at any rate nominally committed to the acceptance of the Dawes Report will probably be formed. But it will be seen that this Government will have only a small majority and will be composed of thoroughly discordant elements. Many of the Dawes proposals involve a change in the German Constitution, and for this a two-thirds majority of the Reichstag is necessary. Unless a considerable number of the ninety-six Nationalists who have been elected are willing to vote for such a measure, which seems not quite impossible, but distinctly unlikely, it is difficult to see how a German Government could introduce such changes with any hope of success. But this is only an instance of the difficulties

which the new German Government, whatever its character, will be faced with as soon as it assumes office. But we do not say that they need prove insuperable. It is by no means impossible that, if the Allies were wholeheartedly agreed on the Report, and were clearly prepared to carry out their side of it, such as the evacuation of the Ruhr, the new Reichstag would pass the necessary laws. The Allies, in the Dawes Report, have at last made a reasonable proposal. The question is, whether they have made it too late—when the German will to fulfilment has utterly evaporated and only a bitterness which prefers ruin to co-operation with France remains. Even if Germany is still willing to come to a settlement, is it by any means certain that France, and Belgium, can be brought to the same point? M. Poincaré has by no means accepted the Dawes Report. At least 40 to 50 per cent. of the German electorate has voted against it. It is Mr. MacDonald's Herculean task to bring these two opposites together on the basis of the Report. The coming French elections will give us an indication whether he can possibly succeed. If they show any tendency towards the Left, it is just possible that he may; if, however, France follows the example of Germany and returns an even stronger *bloc nationale*, it is doubtful whether there will be anything left for Great Britain to do on the Continent of Europe.

HOW CIVILIZATIONS DIE.

By Dean Inge.

[The following article is the first of a series which Dean Inge will contribute to the "Spectator" from time to time during the remainder of the year.]

THE notion that civilizations grow old and die like individuals is untenable. There is no valid analogy between the life of an organism and that of a society. Some of the lowest forms of life, like the germ cells of animals, are potentially immortal; but nature's plan for perpetuating a species is by births and deaths. There is no tendency for a species, or an organized society, to wear out like the body of an old man.

Nevertheless, history records the decay and disappearance of several civilizations. Some have been murdered outright. Such were the civilization of the *Arabian Nights* at Baghdad, where the Mongols left a pile of 800,000 corpses, and the indigenous cultures of Mexico and Peru, where the population was not exterminated, but violently expropriated and crushed under an alien yoke. Such crimes may be heard of again, if a nation can find room for its expanding numbers only by the massacre or deportation of a weaker race.

More interesting to the biologist and sociologist are instances of national decay which resemble death by disease. The salient example in European history is the practical disappearance of the ancient Greeks and Romans, the guardians of the culture which, after a long agony, may be said to have died in the sixth century of our era. Unfortunately, the causes of this catastrophe have never been fully elucidated, though the symptoms have been enumerated by many historians. In Greece, the population which a mountainous country and a poor soil could support was rigorously limited, and the fields for emigration were cut off, after a time, by alien powers. There is reason to think that the soil of the Mediterranean lands became steadily less productive, partly from unscientific tillage, and partly from the destruction of the woods for smelting minerals. The decay of the Romans is perhaps to be attributed to different causes, and above all, to the economic parasitism which is the Nemesis of conquest and plunder. In any case, it is worth noticing that the disappearance of the old culture, with its traditions and religion, was the result of the disappearance of its guardians. The Olympians died with their worshippers; the barbarians whom Hellas had despised had no zeal for perpetuating Hellenism.

Civilization has always had its critics and its enemies. Primitive instincts rise in revolt against conventions. The town-dweller, if he can afford it, plays at being a savage hunter for two months of the year, or satisfies the nomad instinct by aimless travelling; after which he returns to his desk with "emotions purged," as Aristotle says. The poorer townsman suffers from a chronic *malaise* which he does not understand; it is possible that this is one cause of strikes. The young intellectual becomes a political agitator, or writes books on "Civilization: its Cause and Cure." And now the anthropologist comes forward with a severe indictment of all human achievement during the last ten thousand years. From the time when man began to make tools and improve his environment, his intrinsic progress has ceased. His brain has ceased to grow; his natural weapons have atrophied; he has become a parasite of his own machines, and would starve if he were deprived of them. Natural selection has been displaced by an active counter-selection, an "elimination of the best," which proceeds unnoticed in peace, and is from time to time accelerated by war.

Tools may keep a civilization alive through a long process of racial decay; but such a culture is likely to be both sordid and unhappy, and each generation will find the accumulating burden of artificialities more difficult to carry. The higher spiritual gains of civilization are likely to be the first to go, and an early symptom will be a reversion to superstition, sacerdotalism, and the lower forms of religion generally.

Popular education and the fusion of classes may disguise the advance of racial decadence by enabling a society to utilize hitherto untapped reservoirs of natural ability. But as each able and energetic family rises to the top, it tends to be sterilized, and the supply must soon fail. Two centuries of dysgenic selection are enough to destroy the inherited advantages of the most gifted race.

Another danger which threatens modern civilization arises from recent political and social changes. A great nation can support without difficulty a comparatively small parasitic class at each end of the social ladder. When the privileged class becomes too extravagant and incompetent, as happened in France at the end of the eighteenth century, it may be swept away by a revolution. But it is a much more serious matter when the whole mass of the nation aspires to live beyond its income. In this country we have had for two generations a number of angry rhetoricians who repeat incessantly the parrot cry that our social and economic institutions are rotten, that the working-class is exploited, and that almost any change must be for the better. In fact, the average income of a family before the Great War was about £145. If the whole of the national income could be pooled, the dividend per family would have been much less than this, since part of the incomes of the rich appears a second time in the earnings of the professional men and others who live upon them. Inflation has, of course, increased the nominal wealth of the nation, as well as the average payment of labour; but we must add to the wages of the workman the vast amount which his class receives under the heads of free education, doles, pensions, and in exemption from the burdens of taxation. It is almost demonstrable that labour is now fully paid, especially when we take into account its diminished output.

The danger is that the new forms of election bribery which are euphemistically called social reforms are bringing into existence a type of workman who, whatever his individual merits may be, has no survival value. The British workman is notoriously an unwelcome immigrant in all the new countries, and we are now seeing a large invasion of workmen from Ireland, at a time when we have a million unemployed at home. The Irish who are flooding Lancashire and the West of Scotland with a most undesirable type of citizen are no doubt glad to flee from the blessings of liberty in their own island; but the English and Scottish employers are obliged to accept their services because they give better value for their wages, in all kinds of rough work, than the British trade unionists. It is only a question of time when the Labour Party will take up Protection, in order to keep up an artificially high standard of living among the privileged workers. The residuum will be supported by Income Tax and rates as long as these sources of plunder hold out.

The difficulty of prophesying the course of a social disease arises from the fact that when a society is attacked by a dangerous malady, it generates anti-toxins which often not only cure the disease, but confer immunity against it for a long period to come. This is almost always the case in revolutions, which correspond to acute invasions of very poisonous microbes, like those of typhus. When the patient is a body politic, it almost always recovers, and a period of wholesome "reaction" follows. We may confidently expect this to happen in Russia. When the history of that unhappy country is fairly written, it will be proved that the ten years before the revolution was a period of rapid growth in wealth and prosperity, and of steady social reform. All this was swept away by the microbe of Bolshevism; but recovery is almost certain, and we may predict that for the remainder of the century no country will be so safe against revolution. This consideration may justly allay pessimism about the future of our own country; there will undoubtedly be reactions against any sudden aggravation of our symptoms. But there are no anti-toxins against slow decay. The body cannot expel the microbes of wasting disease. For this reason, the enlightened sociologist will watch with more anxiety the almost unnoticed progress of racial degeneration than the wild explosions of predatory Socialism and Communism. Nevertheless, we may perhaps think that the chances are in favour of the patient, unless, as is only too possible, the weakening nation is attacked and destroyed by its neighbours.

THE LAST LAUREATE?

By Richard Jennings.

RECENT rumour asserts that there will be no further appointment to the Poet Laureateship after its honoured holder, Dr. Robert Bridges, leaves it vacant in the course of nature and time. We all hope that the decision may not soon be thrust upon a Prime Minister. But not all of us believe that the Laureateship will end with this Laureate. Such threats have been uttered before.

When Tennyson died, in 1892, there was an interregnum. Arguments (apparently about to be renewed) resounded amongst the late Victorians. It was pointed out that poets cannot be punctually inspired to "show up" set pieces at regular intervals. A popular theory about the afflatus, or divine mania of the bard, had been encouraged by Tennyson's picturesque appearance and secluded habits. May it also have been assisted by the rising generation's contempt for his official verse? In any case, it seemed that the Laureateship should "go out in a blaze of glory."

Next, there was an obvious embarrassment in choice. There were too many possibilities. Mr. Bernard Shaw, then full of Fabianism and Ibsen and Wagner, remarked that the job ought to be offered to Swinburne who had always been worshipping somebody, and who ought to find it easy to put the Prince of Wales in the place of Victor Hugo. And indeed, under Watts-Dunton's pressure, Swinburne achieved unexceptionable Laureate odes, on patriotic, if not precisely monarchical, themes, in his songs before sunset at Putney. There was William Morris too. But he was a Socialist, which was then as bad as being a Republican. Lord Salisbury may have remembered Morris's Utopianism and Swinburne's early vociferations against priests and kings.

Had he surveyed the minors he would have seen poets of merit, undoubtedly—Gordon Hake, R. W. Dixon, and Lord de Tabley, whom Mr. John Drinkwater has just revived in a Selection. Venerable too—or aged—were the "spasmodic" Bailey of "Festus"; and Aubrey de Vere, Tennyson's friend; and one could quote W. J. Linton, Roden Noel, Wilfrid Blunt, Austin Dobson. There was also Edwin Arnold. But he appeared to be a Buddhist. Sir Lewis Morris was mentioned—by himself. He complained, as we know, that there was a conspiracy of silence against his claims. And Oscar Wilde told him he had better join it.

A tedious controversy—at last extinguished by the appointment of Alfred Austin, Tory leader writer; though another Conservative journalist, who was a better poet, existed in Sebastian Evans. "What has he written? Who is he?" everybody began asking. Mr. Austin had written some satire, some "copies of verses," and a "celestial love drama." In later days he was content to wander in gardens that he loved with persons named Lamia and Veronica—ladies not to be associated with Keats or with Wells. Certainly it was an anti-climax. And an exhibition (people murmured) of Lord Salisbury's "cynicism." But may not that great traditionalist have known more of literary history than his critics? I suggest that he had followed the rhythm and alternations of the office—a celebrity by chance, an obscurity by rule. Tennyson had had his chance. Lord Salisbury, like Newcastle and Pitt in the eighteenth century, would not look upon eminences. He remembered that the Laureateship was as much a party appointment as a poetical position. He would forget Spenser and Ben Jonson, Dryden and Wordsworth; even Daniel and Davenant and Southey; even Shadwell, upon whom Dryden conferred immortality and who was at least no contemptible dramatist of manners; even Colley Cibber, an amusing rattle. It was time to revert to the precedents of Nahum Tate, of Lawrence Eusden, of William Whitehead and of Pye—all Laureates of their day.

It has long been disputed which of these is the most obscure. Their mockers have followed them about with literary microscopes, in order to discover them. If we adopt this test of relative invisibility I am inclined to suppose that the Laureate leaves are divided between Eusden and Pye. As to Nahum Tate, he is certainly one of the world's worst poets, but he has achieved a posthumous existence as a pair with Brady. Like Sternhold and Hopkins, Beaumont and Fletcher, Gilbert and Sullivan, or Moody and Sankey, he walks arm-in-arm with another in the Elysian fields. I admit to a weakness for Tate—not, indeed, on account of his association with Brady, his new versions of old psalms, his "As pants the hart" or "As shepherds watched," but because of the excessive metaphors that entangle his flowers of speech.

In sorrow for the death of a negligible Countess he wrote thus:—

"Tears our Refreshment are, our sole Relief,
To give Despair free scope,
To set the Sluces ope,
And Rowl with the impetuous Tide of Grief."

His "Panacea, or a Poem on Tea," of which two charming copies in the original edition turned up recently at the Britwell sale, is an engaging encomium on a beverage he finds to be at once a balsamick, a diuretick, a pectoral, a sudorifick and an emetick. He positively swims in tea, after having survived his earlier peril of drowning in his own tears. Even Dr. Johnson cannot rival his tea-inebriation. Tate somehow emerges from his tea and tears.

Whitehead, too, whose invariable birthday odes in praise of "Brunswick" are nowadays unreadable, showed sprightliness in his tripping verse-tale of "Variety." And this son of a Cambridge baker appears to have led an exemplary life. We are left with Eusden and Pye.

Eusden simply cannot be discerned. The exhaustive Chalmers and Anderson could not find room for him in their collections. Even in his own time nobody had ever heard of him, except Newcastle, who appointed him:—

"Apollo begged pardon and granted his claim,
But vowed that till then he'd ne'er heard of his name."

All you can say of him is that (in Gray's words) he "turned out a drunken parson"—a "parson much bemus'd with beer," in Pope's. For the tierce of canary once attached to the Laureateship seems to have prompted a certain bibulousness in Poets Laureate after Dryden. If Eusden was beery, Tate, according to Oldys, was a "free good-natured fuddling companion," and even the respectable Thomas Warton loved a glass, and hailed Oxford ale as "juice benignant!"

If Salisbury "saw" Austin, and Newcastle invented Eusden, Pitt, I believe, picked out Pye, one of the most copious of unheard-of poets; an excellent police-magistrate (for Westminster); mentioned in Burke's *Landed Gentry*, and M.P. for Berkshire in 1784—a type, in fact, of the would-be literary squire. Byron makes fun of him in "The Vision of Judgment," that nineteenth-century Dunciad. For the rest, Pye (as poet) followed the distressing fashion, set by Akenside, of embroidering on abstract themes at incredible length. His "Beauty," a poetical essay, his "Triumph of Fashion," his "Progress of Refinement," his "Amusement"—the titles are enough!

So much for these unknown names. I mention them only to indicate one line that could be taken, suppose, by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

He could revert to eighteenth-century practice and go about beating up some poet now lying *perdu* in the suburbs. Or, realizing again that the old Court appointment has become a party office, he could choose and inspire a new Ebenezer Elliot, an Ernest Jones, a Joseph Skipsey—some Labour Laureate who would report (perhaps in better rhymes than Mrs. Browning's) the cry of the children, or of the unhoused; who would write Pindarically upon Poplar, or greet May Day with anarchic odes. Finally, and best of all, he could offer the Laureateship to some modern "independent," begging him or her to make the most of it on impressionistic lines, with neglect of obvious ceremonial efficiency.

In this connexion I have heard it suggested that the Laureateship might be put into commission with the Sitwell family. But as there seems to be so little to divide, and as composite odes are as dull as *bouts-rimés*, I cannot help wondering whether *Miss* Sitwell might not be induced to redecorate the green of faded laurels. Imagine how the old scenery would be touched up by the poet of "The Sleeping Beauty," as an ancient tale peeps out, fantastically adorned, in that delightful poem! And why not a satirist as Laureate—the first of merit in the office since Dryden? The age loves bitterness, or the bitter-sweet. I could play with the thought of a Royal wedding, or an opening of Parliament, recreated by a writer of true originality. The buds on those tired trees of St. James's Park would turn to lacquer, or drip emeralds. "Apricocks," distilling amber, would gleam about the frontage of a Buckingham Palace, new-turreted like Jerusalem or Jericho. A frosty window would open on the balcony level, and there, gold-peruked in palanquins, clothed in shrill bombazine, the Royal personages would drop silver-spangled kisses upon the goatish faces sipping Bohea below them. This would be renewal! But Mr. Ramsay MacDonald would never suggest it. Or Miss Sitwell would never consent.

WEMBLEY: SOME SUGGESTIONS.

By Evelyn Wrench.

My first suggestion is that clear signs should be put up in conspicuous places along the Harrow Road so that motorists may know the correct way of going to Wembley without being obliged to stop to ask for direction. As soon as the visitor arrives outside the main entrances he is offered the official guide, which he at once buys for a shilling. It is a production hardly worthy of so great an occasion, and consists very largely of the kind of information obtainable in *Whitaker's Almanack* or any standard reference book. For a popular Exhibition of this kind cheap guides costing 3d. or 6d. should have been provided and their preparation entrusted to experts who would have provided a handbook containing all the information required by the ordinary visitor. On each occasion that I visited Wembley I soon discovered that I must look elsewhere for the information I was in search of. May I suggest to the firm responsible for the guide-book that they should produce a brochure which would give six or seven alternative routes and programmes for six or seven visits lasting each from three to four hours? These should be accompanied with clear maps similar to those which the *Daily Mail* has been publishing, telling the bewildered visitor how to make the best use of his time.

It is hopeless to attempt to see Wembley in one or even two visits. Clear information as to the whereabouts of the restaurants, post offices, information bureaux, &c., should be supplied. What seems to be chiefly lacking at Wembley is the human touch, and there should be more officials capable of giving all sorts of information at all important centres.

The transport facilities in the Exhibition at present leave much to be desired. No doubt these will be partially rectified when the never-stop railway gets going, but in the meantime the "Railodok" service is quite inadequate and much too expensive. It cost me two shillings to go for a journey of about a mile in one of these boneshaking vehicles, though the "Railodok" car cannot be held altogether responsible for the boneshaking; presumably it was due to the bad state of the roads.

A visit to the Exhibition under the very best conditions is a tiring experience, and most of the visitor's superfluous energy has to be expended in wandering about inside the huge Dominion Government pavilions and other buildings. As things are, the visitor has to exhaust himself in wandering many miles while getting from building to building; it is essential that some kind of local transport be organized forthwith. Surely

many more of these "Railodok" cars could be provided, with their destinations clearly visible so that the visitor who had just gone through the Canadian building, let us suppose, and is anxious to visit the British Government building, should be able to do so at a reasonable price.

At present the "Railodok" cars start at the main entrances; the visitor who wishes to be conveyed from place to place within the Exhibition other than from the main entrances is not catered for.

A little more imagination might have been displayed in this respect and the visitor enabled to "travel imperially." Why could not the Exhibition authorities even at this late hour put into operation a service or two or three hundred rickshaws? Zulu rickshaw boys from Durban, with their picturesque headgear, or boys from Ceylon would add a pleasing touch of colour, and if a reasonable fee of, say, sixpence were charged for conveyance from place to place, no doubt tens of thousands of the public would use the rickshaws. A supply of petrol-driven bathchairs capable of seating two persons, similar to those used at Palm Beach, Florida, would also help to get over the transportation problem.

One of the chief impressions left on my mind after each successive visit to Wembley was that of the great number of jaded-looking people to be seen on all sides. Surely the present charge of twopence for the use of a seat in the Exhibition grounds might be reduced to a penny on the cheap days if these were instituted.

Now to turn to the more pleasant task of giving a very brief survey of some of the exhibits. The carrying out of the original conception of the Exhibition is all that we have been led to expect, and he would have to be a sadly unimaginative man who could wander from building to building without a thrill. To the stay-at-homes the size and diversity of the British Empire are brought home in a truly wonderful way.

Of all the oversea exhibits none excels that of Nigeria and the British West African colonies, for both ingenuity and imagination have been given full scope, and as a result the exhibit is one of the most popular. Within the confines of the walled city the visitor, British weather permitting, might almost imagine himself in West Africa with the tropic sun beating down upon him. The most magnificent specimen of humanity I saw during my wanderings was the Nigerian police sergeant with closely-shaved black head, who must have stood quite six feet six inches in his stockings.

No visitor should omit to inspect the great buildings of Canada and Australia; while the latter gives a great feeling of light and space it has nothing quite so fine, I think, as Canada's wonderful panoramic views, some of which are also to be found in the adjoining Canadian Pacific Railway building. The entrance hall of the New Zealand exhibit is also imagination-stirring with its wonderful series of coloured representations of some of the picked beauty spots of both the North and South Island; while the Maori Whare outside only lacks some living Maoris to bring back pleasant memories of Rotorua.

The court of the Federated Malay States building with its colony of little goldfish is also attractive, as are the exhibits of rubber-tapping and of weaving by the industrious-looking Malays who seem quite indifferent to the interest their work arouses among the spectators.

Quite one of the most wonderful vistas of the whole Exhibition is as you enter the Palace of Engineering and look through the huge British plate glass window—no one should miss it; nor should a visit to the coal mine be omitted. Hong Kong's green-roofed building is very charming, and the Chinese restaurant inside most attractive. The architecture of the South African building is admirable and brings back memories of Dutch stoeps in Cape Province and some of Mr. Herbert Baker's masterpieces. It was generous of the South African authorities to find room for the exhibit of little Tristan da Cunha.

In the British Government's pavilion is a gigantic map of the world set in water, with little boats busily going to and fro; but why was the British Empire not coloured red to make it stand out? In this pavilion is the extraordinarily interesting, if gruesome, exhibit of tropical diseases; it is an exhibit which no grown-up person should miss, and it should gratify Sir Ronald Ross, who bemoans the British Public's lack of interest in medical research. From the standpoint of British-American relations one of the most interesting exhibits is the picture in little Bermuda's building (Tom Moore's house), showing the hauling-up of "Old Glory," in the presence of the British and American naval and military officers when part of the dockyard was handed over to the American authorities during the War. The diamond dredging in the West Indian pavilion is also interesting, and the screeches of the two green parrots, who seem quite at home on the roof of the native hut adjoining, add a realistic touch.

One word of praise must be paid to the organizing genius of Messrs. Lyons. In the first week I lunched at the Lucullus Restaurant, which was running as smoothly as if meals had been served there for years, and not hours, while many parts of the Exhibition outside were still in a state of chaos. The Lucullus is not for those who desire a cheap meal, but the epicure, who is wise enough to order his table in advance, will not be disappointed. As he eats his *truite de rivière*, or his *asperges d'argenteuil*, looking out on to the shady stone-paved courtyard, with a little imagination he could picture himself at the Pic Catalan, or at Armenonville.

To sum up, the Exhibition provides the most wonderful picture of the British Empire ever afforded to people of this country, and no praise can be great enough for the exhibits. My final advice is go to Wembley many times, but do not try to do too much on each visit.

ART.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY, 1924.—I.

FUNDAMENTALLY the Academy is the same as it has always been, and probably will continue to repeat itself interminably each year—even to the occasional absorption of the slightly foreign elements which help to provide the irritation necessary to keep the organism aware of itself. Last year one room was devoted to irritable "modern" works; this year fraternization has taken place between the camps, and the "moderns" are sharing the same walls as the "academics." Their respectability is consequently vouched for. Of this exhibition one cannot say that the standard is higher or lower than that of any other year, for, by its very nature, the Academy is a mechanism which depends for its unity and its life on the equilibration of its units. Artists as units are inclined to be dull; yet for the sake of the Academy we must accept their dullness, and console ourselves by watching their antics out of school. Nevertheless, the Academy has certain qualities which most of the advanced exhibitions lack. On an average more well-constructed pictures are to be seen there than in any of the other collective exhibitions. Its pictures also exhibit a more adequate and finished technical ability. There is no lack of construction in the majority of this year's exhibits, but as usual a sameness of structure, depressingly dull, and rendered futile through having been done and felt so much better in the past. The pictures seem to emanate from conceptions which have become devitalized. *Conception will* has been replaced by safe formulae, culled from the obvious structural traits of past accepted masterpieces which were, originally, vitally felt and expressed. One feels that now even composition can be taught. In the more advanced

exhibitions, however, there is a deplorable deficiency of construction of any kind in the work, due to the fact that the younger artists, besides lacking inspiration, delude themselves into the belief that by striving after a new grammar a new conception will be evolved. The new conception must first be sought. The new grammar will follow as a natural consequence. There is little difference, after all, between "academic" art and "modern" art in the collective exhibitions except that, while the academic artists have poached in the conceptive preserves of the past, the more advanced are still engaged in clambering through the technical hedge surrounding those preserves of a less remote period.

One of the best academic compositions is that of Mr. Pickett's *Jephthah's Daughter* (162) in gallery No. 111. It has an architectural solidity of organization which is slightly destroyed by a treatment which is thin—which is applied rather than determined. After looking at the many examples of portraiture one comes to the conclusion that Sir William Orpen is the only painter who can be trusted to compete with the camera, even if one includes the time element, for there is a cleanness, accuracy and seeming rapidity of execution which suggests the analogy. It is futile to mention any one portrait in particular. One says an "Orpen" as one might say a "Hoppé" or an "Elwyn Neame." Painting has become to Sir William Orpen an automatic process—a habit. In sheer juggling with pigment his work has never been surpassed by any artist, living or dead. He does retain, however, a certain quality of paint which makes the comparison with photography less appropriate, and has, in the past, hinted at a greater potentiality of conception than his present development shows.

In a much different category is Mr. Augustus John. That early impulsive barbarity of outlook which at times revealed something vital and fundamental seems to have become gradually destroyed by time (or success perhaps) till now all that remains of a care-free *naïveté* is a somewhat careless incompetence. His portrait of the *Princess Antoine Bibesco* (No. 27) becomes, in the company of its more dexterously treated neighbours, impressive through its utter incompetence. It has no virtues that I can see. In colour it is messy and unclean, in handling it is insipid, in design it is weak. It may possibly be a good likeness. But since I am unacquainted with the sitter I cannot form any opinion either on the exactitude of the likeness or on any psychological truth that may be revealed by the one static visual impression depicted.

The portrait of *Robert Fleming, Esq.* (127), is more successful. The head is well modelled and has good carrying power although the colour is, again, crude and dirty.

Mr. Sargent's portrait of *Sir Philip Sassoon* (47) has good tonal values, but the posed arm, while it gives a certain design to the picture, does so in such an elementary way that it was hardly worth while introducing this note of artificiality.

Mr. Greiffenhagen's portraits always possess a strongly decorative structure. His best in this respect is *Dr. Reginald Macan* (199), where he has made quite a conscious and wilful pattern of the robe. Had the background been utilized for the purpose of extending this pattern instead of being painted with a flat tone, a more co-ordinated design would have resulted.

The portrait of *H.M. the King* (No. 132), by Mr. Charles Sims, is more efficient than, and as conventional as, the usual official portrait. The paint has been kept luminous and clean—the draperies have conformed to their usual habit of arranging themselves in languid folds around His Majesty.

Mr. Lavery's topical painting of *The House of Commons, 1924* (94), has no real pictorial values. Its interest lies in "spotting" the thumb-nail portraits which range from fair to bad as likenesses. Although Mr. Munnings paints volume admirably he seems to have no reason whatever for doing so, for his pictures contain no suggestion of three dimensional design nor have they any degree of design in them at all. They consist of very ably painted horses and riders disposed lethargically and haphazardly on the canvas. In Gallery No. 11 there is one picture at least which should attract attention—*The Violinist* (89), by Mr. Alexander Gerhardi. Although the colour is raw and the texture sticky the design here has been felt. Any distortion which enters, as in the hand holding the violin, for instance, has been resorted to, not for its own sake, but to disclose more fully the unity of the rhythm in the whole. It is not a nice picture, however, and may consequently meet with adverse judgment at first sight. No. X is the most interesting Gallery in the exhibition, in so far as it contains four good pictures. Mr. J. Blair Leighton's group, *While Two Converse One Fidgets* (574), is one of the best pictures of the year. Although the main structure of the design is conceived three dimensionally, starting from the position of the boy on the floor and working inwards towards the figure in yellow, its beauty is mostly that of the flat pattern. It has a quality which is closely allied to the Japanese print. The textures are those of paint, and the artist has not attempted imitative realization of textures which can never be expressed by pigment. This frank acceptance of the medium at its true value has given the picture a quality which makes it unique amongst the display of futile attempts to reproduce silks and satins which are so much better in the drapers than in pictures.

Another picture of interest in this room is Mr. Ernest Procter's *The Merry-go-round* (602). His use of complementary colours has enlivened the colour scheme, and the upright posts have resolved the recession of the volumes which are well simplified and organized to gain a dynamic unity. The other two good pictures are Mr. George H. Day's *The Channel Boat* (598), with its fascinating relief of straight lines in the design, and Mr. Cosmo Clark's little study of receding rails in *Stamford Brook* (594).

Of the pictures which follow the decorative convention the best are Mr. Cayley Robinson's *Pastoral* (111), Mr. Harold Speed's *Daphnis and Chloe* (170) and Mr. Harry Morley's *Apollo and Marsyas* (226). That Impressionism can be utilized as a means of acquiring a greater intensity of light without losing respectability is evidenced by the inclusion of works like *The Family* (116), by Dorothea Sharp, and *The Culprit* (178), by G. Vernon Stokes. The latter is well balanced in the masses of light and shade. Mr. Colin Gill's *Venus and Cupid* (75), Mr. Sydney Lee's *Amongst the Dolomites* (192), Mr. A. A. Wolmark's *Ecclesiastes* (392), Mrs. Dod Procter's *Two of Them* (650), Mr. Max Martin's *Witchcraft* (660), and Mr. Vivian Forbes' *People of the Nile* (628) are pictures which would have received more adequate notices had space been less limited. They are all above the Academy's average, and with the exception of Mr. Sydney Lee's, belong to the irritant section.

The water-colours and etchings are, generally speaking, uninteresting. Only one water-colour, No. 689, *Soir à Cérese, Val di Rabbi Trentino*, by E. Zanon, shows any real appreciation of the medium.

W. McCance.

MUSIC.

"THE RING" AT COVENT GARDEN. A WELCOME RETURN.

On Monday night Herr Bruno Walter rose in the rostrum to conduct "God Save the King," which might, with equal appropriateness, have been "God Save the Ring." For it was while on our feet, listening to the National Anthem, orchestrated *à la* Wagner, with trombone *arpeggios*, that we realized almost overwhelmingly how great an influence the tetralogy has had upon our lives and emotions.

The present performances have surpassed our expectations, great as they were, for not only are the singers of magnificent quality, but the orchestra (of which we have ourselves to be proud) has proved itself something quite out of the ordinary. It is true that the prelude to *Das Rheingold* was a little shaky, but there has been no lapse of the kind since, and Herr Walter has welded the whole into a beautifully-balanced sea of sound, over which floats from time to time the exquisite tones of Mr. Léon Goossens' oboe, by far the best performance on that instrument I have yet heard.

Our first surprise was Herr Kirshhoff, whose performance as *Loge* was superb. Debonair, cynical and attractive, he dominated the stage throughout three scenes, and his pure tenor never wavered in clear brilliancy, from the first note to the last. Most of the actual debuts were less fortunate, and it was not until *Wotan* (tall and striking in the person of Herr Schorr) delivered his first notes—soft and full as velvet—that we had the sensation of stepping on shore from a boat. The Rhine had proved a little rough! But fine as was the

whole of Herr Schorr's performance, we realized on hearing the *Abschied* that he had been saving something for us. It was a revelation of the sheer beauty of the voice-line with which Wagner had provided him.

The *Alberich* of Herr Habich had evidently been thought out with infinitely more care than is usually bestowed on the part. His acting in particular was very arresting, and the moment when he seemed to be literally lifted off the ground in having the ring torn from him was enthralling.

With the exception of Fräulein Jung as *Erda*, whose tone and phrasing were perfect, the female voices in *Das Rheingold* were rather disappointing. Fräulein Färber-Strasser, who took the *rôle* of *Fricka*, possesses a fine voice, but it has a distressing "wobbly" quality, especially in a *forte*, and when unaccompanied, which we became unpleasantly aware of in the second act of *Die Walküre*.

Just as Wagner, in *Das Rheingold*, is giving us a taste of what is to follow, so the singers and even the orchestra, sent us away from that opera half-satisfied and longing for the fulfilment of the manifold promises they (and especially *Wotan*) had given us. And they were fulfilled. Three singers of great importance were added unto us on Tuesday night. The first of these was Herr Urlus, whose performance as *Siegmund* erred only on the side of over-modesty and restraint. His high notes were very pure. The *Sieglinde* of Fräulein Ljungberg was a matter of the greatest curiosity to us all; we had heard so much of her brilliance; we knew she was to be the new Salome. I can only say that if she is as good then as she was on Tuesday we shall be fully satisfied.

On the whole, however, I am inclined to think that Fräulein Kappel's *Brünnhilde* was the most finished and beautiful thing of all. She acted upon her first appearance (a most embarrassing and difficult one for any actress) with just the right amount of wildness and bravado.

For the first time for years one heard the *Walkürenritt* well performed. There was no raggedness and shrillness. It is so seldom realized that the choral singing is there more important than the panoramic clouds and waving spears. The scenery, we regret to say, was unrelievedly hideous, and the lighting (upon which, it was announced, much trouble had been expended) was perfunctory, uninspired, and uninspiring. But the magic fire somehow managed to be remarkably effective. It was much more imaginative than usual, there was less steam and the flames were taller and bigger in volume. But I was forgetting. *Hunding*, that unobtrusive person, who never seems really to have deserved his death, found a worthy interpreter in Herr Bender, whose terrific bass should have made *Sieglinde* retire to bed without having to be told three times.

E. S. W.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A COMPARISON OF ARTS.

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—I was much interested in Miss Iris Barry's comparison between the stage and the cinema in last week's *Spectator*. May I put forward some points on behalf of the theatre, prefacing my remarks by saying that I agree with her in all she says as to the immense possibilities of the cinema? Indeed I should fully have agreed with her general conclusions if she had said that in five or ten years the cinema will not be inferior to the stage. But her comparison in detail by no means does justice to the theatre. Her comments on this art may be summarized in three points. She says that the acting of the theatre is static compared with film acting. She believes that the ability to use "the spoken word" is not really an advantage, this on the ground that "visual imagery is less primitive and more sophisticated than auditory and is also sharper, more rapid, richer and more permanent." She maintains too that the world of the screen is a fuller world than that of the theatre, illustrating this by saying that "the dramatic advantage of having Desdemona's handkerchief a protagonist, not a property, is obvious."

The one notable advantage that she allows to the theatre is the physical presence of the actors and a sort of brilliant concentration brought about by the confinement of the actors on the stage.

Now here we have an implied assumption that is very frequently made and that needs, I think, emphatic contradiction. That is, that the cinema is obviously visually superior to the stage. This seems to me extraordinary, in the first place, because of the absence of colour in the cinema. It is hardly too much to say that the best coloured film cannot at present vie with the worst produced revue. Secondly, because of the absence of rhythm. The movement, which is an essential part of the art of cinematography, makes rhythm in the sense of the painter impossible. The interposition of the camera mechanism makes another sort of rhythm impossible—I mean the sort which we see in ballet. We are also debarred from the third rhythm—that of the cadence of the spoken word. The only rhythmic impression we can get from the cinema is that of the orderly unfolding of the narrative. Thus in the cinema we never get any of the qualities which enchant us in ballet. Here complicated rhythms and subtle patterns of coupled sound and sight make up a large part of the effects, and another large part is produced by beauty and strangeness of colour. Thus the whole range of such an artist as Nijinsky, though essentially dramatic, lies entirely outside the powers of the cinema.

But what really shocks me is Miss Barry's cheerful assumption that the presence of the spoken word "may not be an advantage." Of course, "there are excellent plays in which the speeches cannot be judged as literature," just as there are excellent films no one of whose reels can be judged symbolically or pictorially, for both arts, among other things, undertake to tell a story and that is a function so delightful and fundamental that it will often carry a whole production. But surely it is absurd to say that any visual image can be more sophisticated, sharper or richer than those which are called up by verbal associations. These are immensely rich and immensely varied. Take, for instance, Florizel's:—

> "When you speak, sweet,
> I'ld have you do it ever: when you sing,
> I'ld have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
> . . . . . when you do dance, I wish you
> A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
> Nothing but that; move still, still so,
> And own no other function."

That is an example of the sort of verbal beauty used in a whole school of English writing. Or again there is the verbal appeal, so strong that it will bear translation, of Ibsen's *Harps in the Air*, or of that intricate binding web of words that is woven for us in *Uncle Vanya*, *Heartbreak House*, or *The Wild Duck*. But what about sub-titles? Miss Barry may ask. Perhaps I can best illustrate why her imaginary objection makes me snort with scorn, by instancing a recent experience at the Victoria Palace Music Hall. Sir Harry Lauder was singing and talking there. All through his performance he used the simplest melody, the simplest most hackneyed thoughts and expressions, rhymed "roaming" with "gloaming," "dell" and "bluebell," and finally, after rounds of applause and persistent cheers, came back and gave us a little account of his travels around the world, interspersed with little songs. Here he brought down the house with one simple sentence, "A' know, and you know, it's better to build friendships than battleships." As it was spoken by the small, middle-aged man in the absurd kilt, that sentence made your heart stand still. But imagine that sentence as a film sub-title. It would leave you as cold as a fish.

However, I may perhaps ultimately forgive Miss Barry in spite of a natural fury at her light-hearted rejection of the entire realm of literature. She has done very well to remind us of the contrast between the stage and the cinema, for people are still writing for the stage as if the cinema did not exist. They are still trying to do on the stage very badly what can be done very well on the cinema. A few writers are still thinking of the cinema as "the living pictures" that we used to know. How gladly will I give up all claim to railway accidents, races, explosions, real camels, sand—everything, in fact, which Inigo Jones let us in for when he brought us moving scenery from Italy.

But we cannot too often revise the exactitude of our conceptions of the sphere of the cinema and that of the theatre. Rhythm, colour, verbal beauty and a certain immediacy and urgency, these are things in which the cinema cannot compete with the theatre. Visual symbolism, movement,

landscape, all the magic carpet qualities, abstraction, quiet unobtrusiveness—in these the theatre cannot compete with the cinema.—I am, Sir, &c.,

TARN.

MR. HUDDLESTON'S "POINCARÉ."

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—I have greatly enjoyed your reviewer's observations on my book, *Poincaré: a Biographical Portrait*, but I trust you will allow me, in all good humour, to avail myself of the hospitality of your columns to reply. I acknowledge that it is his business to be entertaining, as I try to be, even—or rather especially—when writing on grave subjects. If this foolish weakness of mine prevents me from being of "real use to students of foreign affairs," I am nevertheless impenitent. It never occurred to me that I was writing for the "student," who has presumably read for himself Blue and Yellow Books. It happens to be a favourite theory of mine, which I have long tried to put into practice, that international politics can be made interesting to the ordinary man who does not read Yellow and Blue Books. How? Obviously by dealing with events and exceedingly complicated subjects (such as that of reparations, which it has been my special business to know) in relation to the leading political persons in whom the public is already interested. This was the method I chose in my effort to reach a larger audience than Lord Curzon, Sir John Bradbury, yourself, and the "student of foreign affairs," whom in my vainest moments I have never desired to instruct.

It is possible that there is much that is trivial in the personal details to which you object. But to me it seems clear gain if the man in the street is induced to inform his mind on vital questions. Why not the sugar-coating? Why not the "human interest"? I believe that diplomacy ought never to be made dull or mysterious. But apart from this defence of my personalia, it is a fact that the most important decisions in international affairs often depend on apparently irrelevant circumstances. It surprises me, for example, that your reviewer does not consider M. Briand's game of golf as a tremendous trifle: evidently he was not in Paris in January, 1922! If it seems grotesque that such small causes should have such big consequences, your reviewer should blame human nature, not me. He is much too generous in giving me "innumerable readers," but I certainly endeavour to interest as large a number of people as possible. Diplomacy ought to be and is far more thrilling than a football match, because human life and happiness are involved. To make people realize this is, in spite of your dark hints about my motives, my only purpose in writing the book about Poincaré.

My opinions are not yours, but that is no reason for leading up to your grand attack by animadversions on my style. I certainly do not "claim to be a stylist." In my youth I was guilty of such pretentions; but I have learnt since, in a fairly long career, to strive only to make myself understood, to be clear and forcible and interesting. I am not so absurd as to shrink from hackneyed phrases if they satisfactorily convey to the reader a definite meaning. Better a hackneyed phrase than a precious phrase. Everything depends on the use to which it is put. In France certain advanced writers of my acquaintance found that nearly all words—as well as phrases—were hackneyed, and began to invent new combinations of letters. Some day somebody will doubtless object that letters, too, have become hackneyed. Anyhow, I will not swap my "powder magazine of Europe" for your reviewer's "France and Germany writhe in their death struggle." If there are parrot phrases there are also parrot criticisms, and this utterly mistaken reproach of the *cliché* is one of them.

But your real charge against me is that I have no views, that I am too impartial. This is staggering! Had I written the review I should have rebuked the author for letting himself go far too freely. It was altogether unfitting that I should, in a book of this character, have used such downright terms of dispraise of Mr. Baldwin and Lord Curzon. But on the other hand, I observe that I flatly find the occupation of the Ruhr illegal, and repeatedly warn France of her folly in reckoning on military might. The odd thing is that a few weeks ago the Literary Editor of the *Spectator*, in a first notice, wrote that I had far stronger opinions than my publisher pretended. Now the reviewer, on the contrary, playfully calls me a Laodicean, a Pontius Pilate. Never did I think I should have lived to be rebuked for having no viewpoint on reparations and Franco-British relations! I will not say I have suffered *for* my views, but my friends have certainly suffered *from* them. But can it be that I have too definite an attitude towards British Conservative policy as practised last autumn, and that your reviewer mistakes adverse views for no views at all?—I am, Sir, &c.,

Paris. SISLEY HUDDLESTON.
April 29th.

TREATMENT OF PROTESTANT FARMERS IN SOUTHERN IRELAND.

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—Being a reader of the *Spectator*, may I ask if you would kindly give me space to let the English people know the truth about how Protestant farmers are treated in Southern Ireland? I am one who resides in Co. Cork, and can testify to the following. There has been going on for the past two years in the area in which I reside constant robbery of cattle and sheep, also money. In a single night in Bandon area the homes of eight Protestant farmers were visited by masked and armed men who demanded money, and got it in almost every case. There have been hundreds of pounds' worth of cattle and sheep stolen. I am a sufferer to the tune of £100, I calculate. Quite recently nine cattle were stolen off the land of one farmer, and a few days previously nine from his neighbour. One night this week ten sheep from yet another. This is going on week after week, and in every case a Protestant farmer is the victim of these bands of robbers. The Free State Government will not give compensation for cattle thus stolen. I claim that Protestants, if not protected by the State, are as an alternative entitled to compensation. I know many such farmers will sell out and leave the country, it being made quite impossible to reside in.

I trust, Sir, you will publish this in your next issue, when I hope it will be taken up by some M.P.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Co. Cork. A PROTESTANT FARMER.

GROW YOUR OWN FOOD.

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—I read Mr. J. W. Scott's letter, "Grow Your Own Food," with sympathetic interest. I tried to do this during the War, with my own work, on about a half acre of good garden land, in order to raise food for my household (myself and two servants), sparing no expense in manure and fertilizers. I am elderly and did several hours' war work daily, the rest of the time I worked in my garden. The result was each year we had a sufficiency of vegetables, and from thirty-five hundredweight to two tons of potatoes. We lived much on these, and on the surplus potatoes and about £12 worth of meal. I yearly fattened a large pig, which we also consumed. We certainly used a great deal less than our rations of bread, and for some time after the pig's death no meat, but for two years afterwards I suffered from acute dyspepsia in consequence.

Regarding the ideal boy, I have had many fourteen-year-old boys, but never one who would work hard for more than ten minutes by himself. Any boy who was "familiar with" how to produce eggs, milk, fruits, vegetables and meat sufficient for an average family from a third of an acre (less buildings) plot would be a world-famed conjuror. The present country girls refuse to learn cooking, and when they marry raise their families upon food in tins and packages, which involve little trouble.

The climate and conditions in America are quite different from those in England. Green corn, pumpkins, melons and many other products grow freely, as well as what we raise, the profits are higher, and the saving in home production is greater than it is here. Even in Utah or California I have never seen a third of an acre patch which would maintain a family to the extent indicated by Mr. Scott. In England a third of an acre would not begin to keep a cow, and necessary manure would have to be bought. Chickens in confinement need about three ounces of corn and other food daily if they are to lay eggs.

At the same time, an industrious man earning £2 10s. or more wages weekly, whose wife can and will cook vegetables properly, can improve his position greatly with a garden of

the size named. If after paying out-of-pocket expenses he can diminish his expenses by 2s. 6d. per week, he would do well. This and the self-respect, satisfaction and health he would gain by raising his own fresh food would be his reward. I do not think I am wrong in saying that the average cottager in the country has a garden of at least a third of an acre.

KYNMON.

PRAGMATISM AND THE PROBLEM OF BELIEF.

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—I am truly grateful to Mr. Alan Porter for reviewing my little *Problems of Belief* so fully and so nicely and with so keen an eye to the titbits. But really his first paragraph is too flattering! For neither in devilry, nor in the other excellent qualities he mentions, could I claim equality with Mr. Bertrand Russell or Mr. Bernard Shaw. As for "universalizing" myself, I do not even know what it means: I hope it is not an accusation that I think that everyone must think as I do, and that I can therefore evolve all truth out of my inner consciousness!

Mr. Porter's account of pragmatism in his second paragraph, on the other hand, contains, I grieve to say, some errors. (1) He cannot abide *comparative* truth: but he should have read *progressive*. Pragmatic truth is, in fact, *scientific* truth; and that, surely, is not "dry and fruitless." Pragmatism is just the (belated) discovery by philosophy of what scientific truth actually is. (2) "If it (pragmatism) were true, it would be useful to believe it false." But according to Mr. Porter the useful for a pragmatist=the true: ergo the above="If it were true, it would be *true* to believe it false." A "contradiction," eh? However (3) pragmatists have *always* repudiated "the true is the useful" as an elementary blunder in logic. It does *not* follow from "the true is useful," which means "relative to some problem and purpose, and valuable and verifiable." Moreover the true is only one out of nine or ten sorts of "truth-claim," *all* of which may be useful; but they include, as pragmatists are well aware, the joke, the "fiction" and the lie. (4) Historically, man's progress in knowledge has rested, not on the (false) belief (refuted by this very progress) that truths are absolute, but on the steady growth in the value and power of the "relative" truths that were believed.

In the third paragraph, I would ask (1) if "the universe is thought," whose? (2) If "error is thoughtlessness," can we, by just thinking, extract truth from false premisses? (3) If "evil is ignorance," what becomes of "devilish cleverness"? (4) Where is the single consciousness of mankind to be observed? In Parliament? At Congresses of Philosophy? At the Zoo?

Lastly, I must demur to Mr. Porter's verdict on the creed of the Prophet "Jeremiah." Surely the multiplication table is as rational and indisputable as anything we have. I did not say the truth in it came to *much*, religiously; but I quoted the case to show that rationality and indisputability were hardly so essential to the value of a religion as was currently supposed.—I am, Sir, &c.,

F. C. S. SCHILLER.

[Mr. Alan Porter writes:—"Why should I call it *progressive* truth? Progressive to what? I was amazed to see that Dr. Schiller had not set me the one question worthy of discussion, especially as he would have scored in a controversy where there is so little room for explanation. I make him a present of the question—If the universe is thought, what is thoughtlessness?"—ED. *Spectator*.]

"FROM HELL, HULL AND HALIFAX."

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—In the interesting article, entitled "Stalemate in English Cities," the writer gives to thieves an aesthetic distaste for "muddled, dirty and exasperating" towns which they probably did not possess. The explanation of "From Hell, Hull and Halifax, good Lord, deliver us," given to me by a former barrister and stipendiary magistrate in the East Riding, is that the "thieves" dreaded the vigilance and severity of the authorities in Hull and Halifax. Grimy darkness of any smoky town would, like the mist, in Homer, prove to be better than light to the robber.—I am, Sir, &c.,

15 *St. Mark's Road, Leamington.* DARWIN WILMOT.

THE SHEFFIELD PLAYGOERS' SOCIETY.

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—In her article on Sheffield which appeared in the *Spectator* on Saturday, April 26th, Mrs. Williams-Ellis referred to the Sheffield Playgoers' Society, saying:—"With some difficulty I got news of a Playgoers' Society which for a week a year performs such plays as *The Admirable Crichton*." Mrs. Williams-Ellis was in Sheffield for a few hours and telephoned to make an appointment with me. We arranged to meet at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Before that time, however, another message came that she had to leave Sheffield by the 4 o'clock train and was unable to keep the appointment.

As she has given the wide publicity of your paper to very misleading information, will you allow me to give the following facts about the work of the Society for the current season? We have produced *Justice*, by Galsworthy; *The Cradle Song*, by Martinez Sierra (for the first time in England); *King Lear's Wife*, by Gordon Bottomley; *The Constant Lover*, by St. John Hankin; *Cupid and the Styx*, by J. Sackville Martin (these last three were revivals); *A Pantomime Rehearsal*, by Cecil Clay; *The Dover Road*, by A. A. Milne; *The Admirable Crichton*, by Sir James Barrie; *The Duke's Decision*, by Mr. McLaren, which was the winning play in our last season's play competition.

In addition we have given public dramatic readings of *Robert E. Lee*, by John Drinkwater; *The Way of the World*, by Congreve; *Anna Christie*, by Eugene O'Neill; *Hassan*, by James Elroy Flecker; *David Ballard*, by Charles McEvoy; *Back to Methuselah*, by G. B. Shaw; *Melloney Holspur*, by John Masefield; *What Every Woman Knows*, by Sir James Barrie; *June*, by Maurice Baring; *The Madras House*, by Granville Barker; *The White-headed Boy*, by Lennox Robinson; *The Liars*, by Henry Arthur Jones.

We have many other activities, but the above will show that Mrs. Williams-Ellis has allowed herself to make a statement which has, to say the least of it, little relation to the truth.—I am, Sir, &c.,

CONSTANCE RADFORD, Hon. Sec.
(Sheffield Playgoers' Society).

404 *Pitsmoor Road, Sheffield.*

BOOK COLLECTORS' NOTES.

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—In the "Book Collectors' Notes" in your issue of May 3rd, Mr. Symons raises an interesting question when he refers to Walton's *Compleat Angler*. Book collectors know only too well how different the first and second editions of this book are from one another. The edition of 1653 had seven plates, that of 1655 ten plates. The first edition had 246 pages in thirteen chapters, the second edition 355 pages in twenty-one chapters, with the four new illustrations, so that in many respects the second edition was by far the more important book, and is, as Mr. Symons says, much rarer than the first. It must have been a very popular book in its time; it found itself placed in the pockets and creels of the fishermen of the day, and the majority of the copies were damaged by constant use. Collectors, however, demand the first edition, and are prepared to pay a very high price for it, one copy having fetched £1,290—an immaculate copy, by the way. For the second edition, however, a price very considerably less, only amounting to about £150, is paid, not in proportion to the rarity of the book but because the first edition, which is really more often to be found, happens to be the book which collectors desire to have.

Mr. Symons also raises the question about destruction, and in that respect one is reminded of the extreme scarcity of the first edition of Watts's *Divine and Moral Songs*. There are not half-a-dozen copies of it, I suppose, in existence. All the rest have been destroyed, probably in nurseries, and in consequence the book is very rare. The same remark applies to early editions of Cocker's *Arithmetic*, their destruction having taken place at the hands of the schoolboys of the period, and hence we find that books which must have been issued in large numbers in early days, and were deservedly popular, are very rare because of that very popularity, which involved their speedy destruction.—I am, Sir, &c.,

GEO. C. WILLIAMSON.

YOUTH AND POLITICS.

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—With much of Mr. Berkeley's article on "Youth and Politics" no one would disagree. The old moulds of political thought are being discarded. The younger generation has to find new and less rigid methods of reforming society. We have a great opportunity. Yet it may be questioned whether in stating the whole problem in terms of the pre-War and post-War mind Mr. Berkeley is not making a rather dangerous abstraction. Such a method is inherently unhistorical; it is liable to the Nemesis with which history visits all those who disregard her truths. If repeated too often the phrase "post-War mind" may become a shibboleth more foolish than any of the catch-words of the days before the War. Perhaps it will merely serve to stereotype the self-righteousness of a generation whose chief claim to virtue is that they are too young to be blamed for the War into which their fathers stumbled. And we, with our apotheosis of our own post-War minds, shall not we in our turn appear ridiculous to our successors?

But when will this post-War mind be said to have begun? In 1914, the year of sacrifice; in 1917, the year of endurance; in 1919, the year of victory; in 1924, the year of healing? After all, there is no noble impulse or no great ideal before us now which was not felt and pursued by thousands in the uneasy first decade of this century. As man is descended from the ape so must the post-War mind look back to the pre-War at least with filial recognition. Nor can the loftiest minded youth of to-day disdain as leaders in the work of peace such pre-War idealists as Mr. Ramsay MacDonald or Lord Cecil of Chelwood. Let us remember that there were great men before Mr. Mosely; that if our young men can dream dreams, our old men have seen visions; that the reign of Edward VII. almost as much as the present was paved with good intentions.

A better approach to our problems to-day than the contrast of post-War minds and pre-War minds is the contrast of post-War and pre-War opportunity. Many prejudices are broken, many fallacies exploded, a great store of reforming energy has been released for us to use, if we can. Unless we can think of it in this way, the sorrowing historian of a distant age may write even of our enlightened generation. "Through the terrors of war and the errors of peace these men had learned all the virtues, save only humility."—I am, Sir, &c.,

R. B. MCCALLUM.

The Graduate College, Princeton, N.J.
April 16th.

A NATIONAL GALLERY OF PHOTOGRAPHS.

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—I gather from a recent visit to the National Portrait Gallery that at present no recourse is had to photography for preserving the features, &c., of contemporary eminent persons for the benefit of future generations. This seems a pity in view of the fact that photography is often a more faithful reproducer of appearances than painting. In the latter the personality of the artist is almost bound to count, and this may interfere with the production of what the average person would consider to be a satisfactory likeness.

Could not a committee be appointed whose business it would be to obtain photographs of appropriate persons? It would be necessary, of course, to exercise a rigid censorship over the selections, as otherwise the accumulation of portraits might be appallingly large.—I am, Sir, &c.,

C. SOMERS COCKS.

Travellers' Club, Pall Mall, S.W. 1.

MAURICE HEWLETT'S LETTERS.

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—May I, as literary executor of the late Maurice Hewlett, appeal to any of your readers who may have received letters from him to send them to me, at 9 Eccleston Square, S.W. 1, as it is proposed to publish a collection of his letters? Every care will be taken of MSS.; originals will be returned as soon as they have been copied; and nothing will be published without the consent of the addressees.—I am, Sir, &c.,

G. M. P. WELBY-EVERARD (Mrs.)

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

CRUELTY IN SPORT.—Mr. Cecil R. Bates writes:—While waiting for the night train to Scotland, going on a holiday which will be spent in seeking to lure Salmo Salar to attack my fly, I saw Dr. Hayward's letter on the subject of sport and its cruelty. I regret to say that I have not thought fit to abandon my holiday and return home. In this decision I am influenced by two statements of your correspondent, which he seems to lay down as axioms. I refer to the fish and the hare. One of these statements is obviously, and the other probably, incorrect. I have never yet heard or read that the hare lives underground like the rabbit, while the salmon is believed by most scientists who have studied the question to be incapable of really feeding in fresh water prior to spawning, owing to certain physical changes connected with the reproduction of its species. The salmon, therefore, does not come again at one's fly after being struck because he feels the need of food, while the hare would not have the inclination to starve below ground sooner than face the chance of being hunted. I am aware that some people may reply regarding the salmon, "Why, then, does he take a bait such as a prawn, minnow or worm"? The answer is: "No one knows, but the fact remains that no unspawned salmon has been caught with food in his stomach."

POETRY.

GARDENER'S SONG.

"WIND, come run to help me:
Flash your wings, I see you clearly."
I waited till he stretched them wide
Down sailing through the sparkling tide;
Now he helps me floating here.

At my side he rides above
Wherever on my work I rove,
If at a tree's foot stooping low,
He sways the branches to and fro,
In green shade waiting.

When I fear the staring sun
By my ears I feel him run,
He can make me all the shadow
To hide in while I walk the meadow,
By cool air quickened.

Lawn and hill are just the same,
Cool and happy at his name,
The hanging wood which is his home
Rings with bird-songs while we roam,
Together working.

While I nurse and prune, he sows
Deft at the labour that he knows,
The seed-pods with his plumes to touch,
Not too soft, nor overmuch,
With wide wings scattering.

So does the seed float down the air
While loudly shines the sun's gold hair,
And in and out the strands there fly
The floating birds who call and cry,
Their harvest reaping.

The seed, like grains of gold, they take
And for their airy roofs they make,
Where for their store they heap it high,
And all the leaves and branches nigh
Ring while they glisten.

Most the wind has scattered wide,
Like yellow sand for air's strong tide,
Here is my harvest that I wait,
The sunny waves run here to mate,
With the gold sand lying.

Come, wind, make me quick a shade
For, like a bee, I rob and raid,
The offspring of this love to snare
And take their increase for my share,
In hot sun reaping.

SACHEVERELL SITWELL.

A BOOK OF THE MOMENT.

HOMER THE MAN.

The Homer of Aristotle. By D. S. Margoliouth. (Blackwell. 10s. 6d.)

Professor Margoliouth's new book is astounding. To read it is a continuous excitement. Only the multiplicity, the closeness, and the sobriety of argument kept me from becoming wild with enthusiasm as I read. By good fortune, too, I began with a complete incredulity, and it was gradually and quietly that I understood the significance of the book and was persuaded to agree with its thesis. At school I had been given a modernistic-classical education; I had been taught to reverence the Higher Criticism of literature and of the Bible; to regard Sir James Frazer as the apex not only of industry but also of inspiration; to pay reverence to the brilliance of Wolf, Bentley, Porson, of all text-emenders and internal-evidence men; to study with delight the theories of Rutherford, Verrall, Wilamowitz-Moellendorff and Professor Gilbert Murray; to hold the latest word of any brilliant modern scholar sacred. And here the whole of my education was being swept away, and I was left with the comfortably ecstatic feeling that all my knowledge was false.

In its narrowest bearing the theme of *The Homer of Aristotle* is this: Homer was an actual, historical man, we know more of him than any of our *savants* will admit, and we have always had before our eyes a store of information about him that is for the first time, here, in this book, laid open. Incidentally, if Professor Margoliouth's contentions are true, the whole system of scholarship for the past two hundred years is sapped, is falling; for it has been based upon the theorizing, the calculation of probabilities, the interpretation of evidence that this same Wolf and his German fellows invented. But to communicate the excitement and the conviction I felt is for a very definite, very delicate reason immensely hard. For this reason Professor Margoliouth's book stands little chance of attracting the attention it deserves. For this reason I must delay till later in the review the heart of the discussion, Professor Margoliouth's chief discoveries, the most breath-taking and overwhelming of his proofs. Modern scholarship is threatened with the extreme penalty, but we must go modestly about our impeachment.

In poring minutely upon the text of Homer our scholars have found inconsistencies of idiom and action, differences of outlook, hiatuses, irreconcilable customs, earlier and later civilizations, iron weapons against bronze, and a thousand such puzzles. Homer, they have concluded, was not one man but all mankind's collaboration. Or, to be more precise, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* were folk-songs, religious and historical legends developed and done up fine by the successive additions and improvements of generations of Greeks. As with the Pentateuch, we can split up these poems into the work of half-a-dozen different hands, and we can infer a multitude of others. They, and the rest of this ballad-legendry, the *Cyclic Poems*, were recited from memory for centuries and were passed down traditionally from rhapsode to rhapsode, for writing was not yet known to the Greeks. Pisistratus was the first man to collect and arrange them into their present form. This view, says Wolf, is supported by "the whole voice of antiquity." The poems were composed, it is almost irresistibly argued, in the Aeolian dialect, and a good deal of alteration was necessary before they could assume their Ionic form. They most probably celebrate the confused memory of a trade war between the Greeks and the Trojans. The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* were perhaps the best of these sagas, and therefore are preserved to us, while the *Cyclic Poems* have vanished and left only their plots behind; but they have been preserved with a vast amount of excision, interpolation and change.

Now, Professor Margoliouth has listened intently for the whole voice of antiquity, but could not find it saying any such thing. It is true that Cicero, who "only on this occasion is regarded as a serious authority on the history of Hellenic literature," mentions, in a passage full of startling blunders, the Pisistratan recension. It is true that Flavius Josephus, "an authority on Hellenic literature about as high as Cicero," states that various discrepancies in Homer were explained by this oral tradition. True, too, that a worthless Byzantine scholiast of A.D. 1000 observed that the poems had once been lost because they were not committed to writing but passed on by memory. But every other writer on Homer, from the earliest recorded criticisms till the time of Wolf, either makes no mention of these theories or, having read them in these three sources, quotes them only to deny their truth. And Professor Margoliouth proves very neatly that the theories took their origin from a false etymology of the word "rhapsode."

He sets out with the opinion that earlier authorities, who have not even heard of the Pisistratan recension, or the oral tradition, are the most reliable witnesses. Both Plato and Aristotle had no doubts that Homer was a man, that he was the author both of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, that both poems were current in Athens long before Pisistratus. They regarded his work as the Jews regarded the Pentateuch, as the sole revelation of religion, as of plenary inspiration, and as the composition of one man. And these men, surely, in their real consensus with all antiquity, can speak with more conviction upon their own literature than a Roman, a Jew, and a Byzantine scholiast so wretched that this is the only citation with which he is ever allowed to disgrace himself.

But this by no means exhausts Professor Margoliouth's capacity for argument. He shows by excellent illustrations from modern historians and men of letters that inconsistencies are not necessarily a mark of divided authorship. He makes it obvious that many of the reputed inconsistencies in Homer are perfectly consistent, and that none are serious. He convinces us that even the *Cyclic Poems* are not folk-song: that both these poems and the Attic tragedies derive their mythology entirely from Homer. By a sort of Midrashic and Kabbalistic interpretation of episodes and names new myths were deduced from the old. Dionysius of Halicarnassus truly said "Homer is the source of every sea, every river and every spring." And, most important, most persuasive of all, he proves in detail that Aristotle was right in taking the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* for the supreme examples of construction in literature: he analyses the plots of both poems, showing how one episode springs from another, gives birth to another, how each is fitted to a unified scheme, is organic, is invented by necessity of art. This could be true only if the poems were the work of one man and he were a supreme artist.

See Homer reinstated, a blind old poet of Ios, one of the world's greatest men. See that he, this Homer, invented the whole mythology of Greece, was the inspiration of all Greek poetry, art, and religion. Homer a bible to the Greeks? Yes, in the deepest truth. He was their authority upon everything—he has invented the very history of the Greeks.

We have arrived at the time when the very momentous, very delicate affair to which I referred must be made public. Professor Margoliouth has discovered a cryptogram in Homer. It is a word which may well make the most well inclined reader turn a deaf ear to all that follows. Professor Margoliouth is brazen about it: he places the cryptogram and its solution in the very forefront of his work: it was the cause and impetus of his argument. But a world justly weary of Baconians and ingenious pedants will be difficult to persuade that any cryptogram can be anything but a fraud or at best a grave disability in serious speech.

But Professor Margoliouth is no habitual cryptographer; and, unlike all other cryptograms, those he has discovered and solved are simple and compulsive. He did not begin with the assumption that there must be miracles about. Diogenes Laertius has an unmistakable reference to the fact that Attic tragedians left in their plays this peculiar seal of authorship; and he pointed out where it was to be found. In every play of Æschylus, Sophocles and Euripides, Professor Margoliouth has taken the first six lines, and, couplet by couplet, without adding, omitting, or changing a letter, he has found that the letters of the couplet can be rearranged to give another iambic couplet. In every instance the first couplet, so treated, gives the name of the dramatist, the second the Olympiad in which the play was produced, the third a warning to waste no more labour in deciphering the other couplets of the play. He takes the beginnings of thirty-five plays and from each obtains an Ascription, a Chronogram, and an Admonition. It would be a bold man who called this coincidence.

We know that Italicus signed his name acrostically to the first eight lines of his translation of the *Iliad*. Professor

Margoliouth, reading the letters of the seven-line prologue to the *Iliad*, and the ten-line prologue to the *Odyssey*, downwards, in columns, two by two, and changing the order of the letters in each separate column, obtains a continuous, grammatical, in every way perfect, account of the poem. He has never, in the *Iliad*, more than fourteen letters to rearrange (there are eighteen in the last three words I wrote), never in the *Odyssey* more than twenty. Both of these accounts turn out to be in regular iambic verse.

I could not be fair to Professor Margoliouth's cryptograms, without reproducing them whole; and for that, of course, there is no room. They seem completely convincing, and Professor Margoliouth rightly urges that anyone who disputes their necessity should attempt to produce the same result from any other lines in Homer. Meanwhile it will be interesting to quote (not quite in the original translation, for that is done with an eye to absolute literalness) the signatures of Homer both in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*.

"Preface to the *Iliad*.

Into the voice of Homer of Ios,
Expelling from the bounds all contrary fiends,
Enter, O gracious deity,
As ye entered the laments of Orpheus;
The waters were held back, they kindled strange lands like fire.
Let me, the Achilleis, a gift to Troy, kindle two lands:
The allotted lands of the Danai and thy children
Are sundered, brave Aeneas.
And if I have composed with skill
Tales for the powers of Strife,
Consider what tribute you will take for the counsels of Athene."

The final sentence implies that this tale of battle is a preparation for a tale of wisdom.

"Preface to the *Odyssey*.

Thou art the author, Apollo.
O Lord, be very gracious.
Expel the load of care which has entered,
Come, enter me, and bear me aloft,
Not unaccustomed to the road.
Thou badst me lay aside Slaughter whence it arose,
And Strife; Ares in his place, directing him
To the region of the North Wind,
With sacrifices, prayers, and torches:
Then to rehearse such lays as will relieve the sleepless mind,
Paying, O patroness of Laertes's son, thy tribute of speech,
Composing as many lays as New Ilion elected
Homer should make of her tales,
Twenty-four the meaning.
That scion of Aeneas,
Whom I used to lull to sleep amid the cares of office,
Used to urge me to take another Trojan theme."

If these hidden sources of knowledge can be accepted, then all Professor Margoliouth's contentions are proved. Without them he has still greatly perturbed our confidence in modern scholarship. He has an initial advantage over most scholars; he is a Professor of Arabic, he is erudite in the Mohammedan and Jewish religions. He is not likely, therefore, to fall under the spell of Sir James Frazer and regard religions as a natural growth from superstition and magic; he knows beforehand how much a religion depends for its power upon the personality of a founder. He is, indeed, erudite upon an almost inconceivable number of subjects, and he is perfectly fitted to hold his own in any argument if he is allowed a hearing. It is to be hoped that all the work he has accomplished in this enchanting volume will be rigorously tested, and I imagine that he would wish it no better fate. "It is not desirable," he states in his preface, "to endeavour to demonstrate anything which is not true."

ALAN PORTER.

BOOKS.

THIS WEEK'S BOOKS.

VOLTAIRE'S *Philosophical Dictionary* is the vade-mecum of the satirist, the ironist, the intellectual revolutionary, and the "man of this world." It should set a rationalist up in table-talk for a life-time. Mr. H. I. Woolf publishes with Messrs. Allen and Unwin a selection of the happiest articles, admirably translated. Mr. Richard Aldington, who has helped, for a long time, to keep the anonymity of reviews in the *Times Literary Supplement* impressive, publishes a volume of *Literary Studies and Reviews* (Allen and Unwin). It is the first chance we have had of knowing for certain the author of many of the most erudite, acute, and balanced articles in modern criticism.

In *The Fabulous Forties* (Putnam) Mr. Mead Minnigerode has described with great brightness the astonishing social and literary life of America when Barnum was lying and roaring his way to fame, when the mania and the romance of gold-prospecting was at height, and when the whole country sang, with tears and satisfaction:—

"Oft thou hast told me, Mother dear,
Subtle man I'd cause to fear—
Thou a saint in yonder skies,
Still thy warning voice I prize;
But if he would still pursue,
Mother dear, what could I do?
Let this little tear proclaim,
Mother, I was not to blame."

A novel which has already gained fame in America is published here by The Bodley Head, *The Puppet Master*, by Robert Nathan. Mr. E. D. Cumming has written, from new, unpublished material, a biography of *Robert Smith Surtees* (Blackwood).

Mr. Maurice Woods has composed *A History of the Tory Party* (Hodder and Stoughton). A biography of *Dr. John Clifford*, by Sir James Marchant, comes from Messrs. Cassell. Katharine Tynan (Mrs. Hinkson) adds a volume of *Memories* (Nash and Grayson) to the great mass of valuable material dealing with modern literary, political and social history.

The most beautifully produced book comes, of course, from The Nonesuch Press; it is a selection from the work of *Henry Vaughan*, and includes, as well as the poems, an essay, and two letters from manuscript.

THE LITERARY EDITOR.

THE CONQUISTADORES.

The Conquest of the River Plate and a New and Revised Edition of **A Vanished Arcadia**. By R. B. Cunninghame Graham. (Heinemann. 15s. net each.)

THESE two books together form the epic of the great Spanish viceroyalty of El Rio de la Plata, the most important of Spain's South American possessions. The first, which describes the conquest of the region (which is represented to-day by the Argentine Republic, Uruguay, Paraguay and a part of Bolivia), covers a period from 1515, at the end of which year Juan Diaz de Solis sailed from Spain to explore the coast of South America, to 1580, when Juan de Garay refounded Buenos Aires, thus providing a base and a port for the almost isolated colony in the interior. The second, *A Vanished Arcadia*, is the history of the Jesuit missions among the Indians of Paraguay, and deals with the century and a-half from 1607 to 1767.

Both books are full of fine and thrilling material, for, in the stories which they tell, history is nearly always synonymous with adventure, and it is in the human and adventurous side of things that Mr. Cunninghame Graham delights. Honesty and endurance are the qualities which win his wholehearted admiration and respect: perhaps they are the only qualities which can pierce the cynicism in which he entrenches himself; but the breach they make is a wide one, so wide as almost to neutralize the bitter force of a formidable array of prejudices.

In this matter of cynicism it is interesting to compare the two books, separated as they are by twenty-three years—for *A Vanished Arcadia* was first published in 1901. In the earlier work this quality takes the form of biting aphorisms, which crop up here and there throughout the book, and, though some of them are amusing and contain a measure of truth, produce in the long run an effect of irritating and irrelevant facetiousness which impairs the unity of the whole. "No sort of violence to laws and customs," remarks our author, "seems ever to affect a people unless the violence is done to benefit them, when instantly they rise against the breaker of the law, however heavily it may bear upon themselves." Or again: "The good people of the capital, who, in the fashion of the world, would not most probably have stirred a step to save a saint, were mightily concerned to see a rogue receive his due deserts." Such remarks, humorous exaggerations which might be in place—as with Voltaire or Anatole France—in a fiction are, it seems to me, too inaccurate to figure in a history, besides being, in the present case, disquietingly out of key with the tone of the book.

The new book, however, is, to its great gain, the work of a much mellower mind. In it the cynicism no longer emerges

crudely and intermittently—it has matured into something much more like an enlightened tolerance, a critical awareness which pervades the work as a whole and preserves the balance between extremes of exaltation and scorn. "It has been my care," we read in the preface to this new book, "to bring out the best whilst never palliating the worst features of the conquistadores of the River Plate." To the tolerant eye all humanity is much the same, and Mr. Cunninghame Graham's object is to present these Spanish conquistadores as human beings,

> "and try to show that, taking into consideration the times in which they lived, they did not differ greatly from ourselves. We lay the flattering unction to our souls, that our adventurers in the spacious days of Queen Elizabeth were on a different moral plane from that on which the adventurers of Spain and Portugal strutted their little hour. The same belief, but altered for national consumption, is held in Portugal and Spain, and in their histories (tell it not in Gath) the Englishman quite often is the villain of the piece, and he deserves to be, for their historians pick out the Northerner's ill deeds and pass his better actions over, just as we do in writing of Pizarro or Cortés."

He who has read these two books is not likely to disagree with this view, for surely no human being has shown more of the true spirit of adventure, more indomitable courage, or greater generosity and nobility of soul than such men as Alvar Nuñez Cabeça de Vaca, appointed Governor of the River Plate in 1540, or the great Jesuit missionary, Antonio Ruiz de Montoya, the stories of whose lives are admirably told by Mr. Cunninghame Graham. A great part of the two books, in fact, tends towards biography, for, as in all periods when change and action are uppermost, notable personalities rise above the surface and the history of the moment tends to become the biography of the man of the moment. The fact, and the admirable use the author has made of it in both of his books, make both of them unusually attractive to the ordinary reader, whose interest lies not so much in historical fact as in human adventure. Human adventure, too, is Mr. Cunninghame Graham's supreme preoccupation, and his work always gives the impression that more than a historian, more even than a writer, he is a man of action. There is no smell of the lamp about these books, even though they are fully documented and are based on extensive research. Much of their freshness is undoubtedly due to the fact that the author is familiar with the scenes in which the events he describes occurred—he was even able, in the case of the earlier book, to gather by conversation with Indians the impression which the Jesuits had left behind them. "I myself," he says, "in the deserted missions five-and-twenty years ago often have met old men who spoke regretfully of Jesuit times, who cherished all the customs left by the Company, and though they spoke at second-hand, repeating but the stories they had heard in youth, kept the illusion that the missions in the Jesuits' time had been a paradise."

There can be little doubt that *A Vanished Arcadia* vindicates completely the noble integrity of the Jesuits' work among the Indians, and the vindication is the more convincing that it comes from one who can certainly not be called religious, in the conventional sense. It is a good thing that the book should be republished, for it has the same relation with *The Conquest of the River Plate* as one movement of a symphony has with another, and whoever is not already familiar with the earlier work will certainly be anxious to read it after he has tasted the quality of the new one.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG.

THE FARMER'S GOLDEN RULE.

Co-operative Marketing: the Golden Rule in Agriculture. By Herman Steen. (New York: Doubleday Page and Company. $1.00 net.)

Is there then, indeed, such a golden rule? Is it true, as the advocates of agricultural co-operation assert, that marketing is not merely the other, but the better, half of production; that the efforts made by Governments and Farmers' Clubs and Agricultural Societies of all kinds to improve production have hitherto been largely wasted, because they have always neglected this other and better half of it; and that farmers will never make their industry successful until they have learnt to combine together for the sale of their goods? And if all this be true, what sort of prospect is there of the lesson being learnt by our own farmers; what hope have we here in England of seeing this golden rule in agriculture successfully applied?

When such questions as these are under discussion, as they have been at any time these last twenty years, the debate has a very natural habit of crossing over, so to speak, to Denmark. For Denmark is the classic example of the application of this rule. The restoration of Danish agriculture by co-operative marketing, and of Denmark by its agriculture, has been one of the wonders of modern history. But the habit of quoting Denmark has its serious disadvantages. For the conditions of Danish agriculture are in many ways widely different from the conditions here, and the devoted supporter of things as they are is only too ready to remind you of this obvious fact. Is not Denmark, he will say, a small country, hardly bigger than Yorkshire? Are not its interests wholly agricultural, and mainly on the export side? Are not its people highly educated, and its farmers, as a rule, the owners of their farms? What possible analogy can there be between this simple rural community, so happy, so unsophisticated, and, if you will, so prosperous and a great struggling industrial nation like ours, with its vast network of commercial and financial interests? But here, in Mr. Herman Steen's book, a new problem is presented to us. We are asked to transport ourselves, not across the North Sea, but the Atlantic, to a country which is neither very small, nor purely agricultural, nor even, perhaps, better educated than our own; to a country which is often regarded as the natural home of competition—a country in which great financial and commercial interests pursue, almost unchecked, their cold and cruel purposes. How is it possible, you are inclined to say, that the tender plant of farmers' co-operation, which even in England finds it difficult to live, can make any growth at all in that bleak and wind-swept climate? Certainly co-operators in America, as Mr. Steen's book shows, have not had by any means an easy time. They have often made false starts and tried impossible methods. They have had their full share of failures. At times they have seemed to their critics to be down and out. But in the long run the movement has "come through," as it has not yet done in England; and its success to-day in America is almost unquestioned. "Co-operative marketing," says Mr. Steen, "has now become the dominant movement in American agriculture. This is evidenced by the rapid increase in the number of co-operative associations, by the mounting volume of products marketed co-operatively, and by the growing efficiency of co-operative organizations."

In an exhaustive survey of the whole movement, occupying 35 chapters and 350 pages of close print, Mr. Steen adduces an overwhelming array of facts and figures in support and illustration of his theme. He treats the subject both broadly and in detail. He traces out and discusses the principles and regulations which are being gradually worked out, as the result of a wide experience; for in America the farmers' co-operative movement has already a longish history. Their first co-operative creamery was founded at Easthampton, Mass., as long ago as 1881, the year before the founding at Hjedding, in Jutland, of the first Danish creamery. Sometimes the account is personal and picturesque, as, for instance, when we read of the arrival of Prof. J. L. Haecker at the University of Minnesota in 1891. The professor, we are told, "preached the gospel of co-operative creameries all the way from Albert Sea to the Canadian border, as he believed that dairying was the salvation of the State, and that dairying could not succeed without co-operative creameries." This seems a new rôle for University professors. We do not think of them as travelling missionaries. But Professor Haecker's success was extraordinary. Within four years of his arrival 350 creameries had been established in the State of Minnesota alone. By 1900 the number had grown to 550. To-day there are 638. In the twenty-sixth chapter of this exhaustive book Mr. Steen gives a complete survey—or as he calls it a bird's-eye view—of the progress of co-operative marketing in every one of the States of the Union, and a very remarkable view it is. There can be no question that American farmers are learning to recognize the importance of the golden rule.

Co-operative Marketing is a book that all students of agricultural methods will have to read, and as they read it they will do well to ask themselves how it is that in our own country—almost alone of all the countries in the world—this golden rule in agriculture has been hitherto so much neglected.

PHILIP MORRELL.

RODIN.

Rodin: 60 Photogravure Plates. Notes by Léonie Bénédite. (Ernest Benn. £7 7s. net.)

It is difficult to estimate the real significance of Rodin as a sculptor, for his work is so impressive at first sight that we are overborne and diverted from making comparisons with the great sculpture of the past. But since he is dead and has been ranked with the greatest, some attempt must now be made to shake off the spell cast by his masterly craftsmanship and penetrate a little beyond surface values in order that we may see his work in truer perspective. When we are able to overcome this awestricken admiration for his virile dexterity, I think we shall be compelled to admit that Rodin was not a great sculptor. A great modeller, a facile craftsman, a competent designer — all of these he possibly was. That he possessed responsive sensibility we shall not deny. Perhaps his failure as a sculptor may even be accounted for by the latter possession—perhaps Rodin responded too readily to immediate stimuli. The response came before it had time to be fully moulded in the deeper springs of the creative forces.

It was because he was at the mercy of this all too hasty response that the sculptor was unable to conceive of bronze as anything but a molten, flowing metal. He always thought of it in the transient state before it had set—a state which aptly expressed his hasty-handed, thumb-marked impulsive modelling. Consequently his work, while it expresses a tremendous animal virility, fails to give that feeling of permanence so well exemplified in Donatello (a master whom Rodin admired in the extreme) and in the work of the Egyptian sculptors. Rodin, the lover of nature and of life, tries to imbue his bronze with some of his own vigour, and, because of his expressive touch, succeeds to a certain extent. But the dead metal never deceives us for long. We are forced, through its obvious aim, to compare it with actual living things which not only move but also have that vital spark of life which inert metal, be it ever so cleverly treated, can never recapture. And Rodin's work loses in the comparison. This evanescent quality pervades the whole of his work—his treatment of it and his conception. His groups, although well arranged for a stage, give a feeling of disintegration as metal. His marble, too, has the softness of flesh; it will go "the way of all flesh" we imagine. Rodin's art is, indeed, the art of the flesh.

Donatello, on the other hand, while retaining the inertness of his material, instils into it a rhythmic metallic life of its own—a life which will not decay—a kind of eternal life. This, at any rate, is the feeling—illusion it may be—that we get from Donatello at his best. Even more do we feel this permanence in the presence of Egyptian work.

In only one piece illustrated in this well-produced book does Rodin, in his treatment at least, show potentially any signs of being a great sculptor—and that one is the earliest known of his works (Plate 1A). Perhaps his lack of dexterous facility, at this early period, made him search deeper. Occasionally his conception was that of a sculptor, but he was always carried away by his executive irresponsibility. This shows clearly in his "Balzac," Plate 43. Later in life he became partly aware of this weakness and tried to remedy it by getting rid of the "black holes" (as he termed them) in his earlier work. But this in itself showed creative weakness, for a work of art, once done, cannot be patched into completeness. It must be re-created afresh. Rodin undoubtedly was a great modeller (if the adjective be applicable), but, judged on the highest standards, he was not a great sculptor. By his work he infuses into us, at times, some of his wonderful vivacity, but it is not lasting. We can say at most that there is something human in his work—but the greatest art is not human. Unfortunately none of Rodin's drawings appear in this book, and perhaps, after all, it is as a draughtsman that he will take his place among the great.

Although the photogravure illustrations in this volume will form very handsome framed plates, a truer impression of the works would have been obtained from ordinary half-tone blocks. The text is interesting, discursive and naturally biassed—being written by a famous Frenchman who knew the sculptor intimately.

W. McCance.

SPAIN TO-DAY.

Spain To-Day. By Frank B. Deakin. (The Labour Publishing Company, Ltd. 7s. 6d.)

Mr. Deakin must be congratulated upon the thoroughness and also the fairness with which he has performed what must have been a labour of duty rather than of love. It is evident that, in ruthlessly exposing the evils and abuses of social and political life in modern Spain, the writer has a purpose beyond the purely destructive, and from hints contained at the end of the book it may be gathered that he places some hope in the ability of Young Spain to work out its own salvation.

In these pages the reader will catch no echo of castanets and serenades. Here Spain is stripped of the glamour and charm which illude the traveller, and we are shown instead the combined forces of feudalism, sloth and reaction that hold the people in their bondage. For instance, we learn with a shock that more than 50 per cent. of the Spanish people can neither read nor write. A chapter devoted to health, housing and sanitation in Madrid contains facts so well authenticated, based as they are on official statistics and the statements of prominent Spaniards, and yet so horrible that we read almost without surprise that in 1920 more than 500 deaths were recorded from typhoid fever in the capital alone. That the number was not larger still is due to Madrid's natural healthiness and not to any sanitary legislation.

Political development is hampered by the appalling indifference of the masses of the people consequent upon the backwardness of education. "Axe-grinding" and favouritism are deeply embedded in Spanish customs, and "bribery," as Mr. Deakin says, "is carried into every branch of political activity." It is only fair to mention that a large number of intelligent Spaniards have become awakened to these degraded conditions and the military *coup* of last September was itself in part a protest against the general misgovernment of the country. The book was written so soon after the change of government as to preclude any forecast of the future, but in his chapter on the Military Directorate, as well as in the foregoing chapters dealing with such matters as the agrarian problem, Separatism in Catalonia, Spanish justice, Mr. Deakin provides his readers with abundant material from which they may estimate the difficulties confronting General Primo de Rivera and his colleagues. In the first days of the Directorate it was felt on all sides that any change of government could only be for the better, but even at the beginning the Directorate failed to inspire any enthusiasm. Labour, although too badly organized to offer resistance, is against it. Catalan Separatism has been seriously offended by the Decree of the new Government against the Catalan language and propaganda. Mr. Deakin is probably right when he says that the present Government, which, be it remembered, is a purely military creation, will stand or fall with the transition to civil government, and it is significant that this transition is being effected by very slow degrees.

Spain To-Day may be warmly recommended to all students of Spanish conditions and should serve as a wholesome corrective to those of us who cling to our romantic love of Old Castile and sun-baked Andalusia.

EVOLUTION KNOWLEDGE AND REVELATION.

Evolution Knowledge and Revelation. By Stewart McDowall, B.D. (Cambridge University Press. 6s. net.)

The Reverend S. McDowall announces that in this book he is formulating a theory of knowledge, which is to be "consonant with the established facts of biology," and that in so doing he is turning "completely away from Biblical ideas and standards." But as his object is primarily a philosophical one, it is a pity that his interest is so largely biological and that he has been able only partially to break away from orthodox theology. His early chapters are involved with a mass of irrelevant biological arguments, and his later almost abandon the intellectualist attitude, which is the primary motif of the book, and adopt a strain of mysticism which is largely a concession to orthodoxy.

There is nevertheless much of value in the book for a rational

knowledge of God, though the especial importance attached to biology is entirely unreal. A comprehensive theory of knowledge must give an account not only of biological science, but of all the sciences and of their methods; and though, in a sense, founded on them all, it must not be guided by the subject matter of any of them. Biology can never reveal the content or structure of knowledge as it is itself an integral part of knowledge, but we do not find this fact admitted in the book until all the biological arguments have already been applied. An essential part of the Idealism set forward is that the Sciences are true only in a restricted sense. Every new fact in Science arises from a combination of old facts with new hypotheses, but the facts from which the whole process must have started, although adopted for their practical value, must nevertheless be pure hypotheses created by the mind. Finally, real knowledge must be a self-coherent and timeless whole which in its completeness is God.

One of the greatest points of interest in the book is the distinction it makes between two kinds of knowing: the one practical and limited as exemplified in Science, and the other absolute and spiritual through which other personalities, and particularly that of God, are known. Unfortunately, however, the second kind of knowledge still involves a distinction between the mind and its object, a dualism which already stands condemned in the criticism of the first. It is, moreover, doubtful whether ultimately a distinction between different kinds of knowing can be made. Feeling, after all, may only be confused thought; and thought feeling suffering from restriction and limitation.

FICTION.

MULTIPLICATION IS VEXATION.

Race. By William McFee. (Secker. 7s. 6d.)
Dublin Pride. By Ewan Agnew. (Cecil Palmer. 7s. 6d.)
Miss Linn. By Douglas Goldring. (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.)
Yesterday. By Norman Davey. (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.)
The Shot. By Sybil Creed. (Chatto and Windus. 7s.)

It is hard to believe that *Race* is the work of a single mind Rather it seems the joint production of a committee—a committee with representatives in all the households, rich and poor, of West Barnet, its headquarters, with members too in the offices of wine-merchants and engineers, in the studios of Chelsea, in Hampstead, in Rouen, in South America; a committee presided over by a capable chairman, who has known how to reduce the experience of his lieutenants to order and present it, with all its authenticity and technicality thick upon it, in the form of a chart of modern life. Yet not quite modern. Mr. McFee has added to his studies in social analysis a study of historical development: the action of the book begins with the fall of Mr. Heath, subsequently to be the father of seven daughters, from that death-trap of the late 'eighties, the high bicycle. The persons of the book increase as rapidly as the poor schoolmaster's family; but their multiplicity is not a warning against Victorian improvidence, for Mr. McFee knows very well what to do with them, which Mr. Heath, incapacitated by his accident, almost criminally did not. There might be grounds for comparing Mr. McFee's survey of human tendencies and endeavours to the divisions on a phrenologist's dummy; but the characters are much more than types; they create a place for themselves instead of filling one.

Race is a good enough book to raise the question of how far a novelist can properly crowd his stage. Obviously congestion is a merit in the picaresque novel, the nature of which demands that its characters should be here to-day and gone to-morrow. Indeed the longer they remain, as certain figures in the more nomadic passages of Tom Jones and Lavengro testify, the more boring do they become. Nor could one wish unpeopled and unfeatured a great panorama like Tolstoi's *War and Peace*; for a bird's-eye view of a desert with, at best, but one oasis would be extremely dull. But a work which has for its chief interest the development of human character cannot afford to multiply indefinitely the sources of that interest. The maxim, so consoling in real life, that "there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it," is fatal when it makes itself felt in a novel; it unwinds the springs and releases tension. We simply must not be allowed to believe that living round the corner there is a man called Dick who is in every way as worthy of our interest and respect as Tom, whose acquaintance it has taken us perhaps six hours of reading to make; and that if Tom is killed the author can produce Dick as a substitute, like a conjurer taking eggs out of a hat. Mr. McFee does nothing so crude as this; but if his book at times lacks impetus and impulse it is because, godlike, he revels too much in acts of creation for their own sake: he introduces new characters without due regard to perspective. But it is unfair to labour this trifling defect of Mr. McFee's impressive and considerable qualities: his invention, his knowledge, his control over and power of fusing the most stubborn material. If he had not partially hidden the candle of insight (to use a Hassanism) under the bushel of observation, *Race* might have been a great book; in any case it is a stimulating and remarkable one.

Mr. Agnew's *Dublin Pride* and Mr. Goldring's *Miss Linn* have a superficial similarity of plot: in each the heroine is the daughter of a Dublin professor, and in each the heroine leaves Ireland to seek her fortune, as it were, in England. But for different reasons. Kathleen Rafferty had to leave home because she contemplated marriage with an Englishman and a Protestant, a step her father, a confirmed opponent of mixed marriages, could not countenance; while Sally Taylour sought to escape the intolerable surveillance of her governess, Miss Linn, a clairvoyante, a theosophist and (possibly) a diabolist.

Mr. Agnew's colours show faint beside the darker imaginings of Mr. Goldring; perhaps in any company they would be a little pale. *Dublin Pride* combines an ambitious design with extreme unpretentiousness of execution. At its best it is shrewd and unforced, with passages of a charming humour, and it portrays with sympathy and insight that character which can be of all characters the most tiresome—a woman with an inexhaustible power of making up her mind to change it. Neither vacillating nor purposeless, she would not let consistency override judgment, and the lives of three men were deeply affected by her (quite logical) changes of front. By emphasizing her artlessness Mr. Agnew has kept her selfishness in the background, and she remains to the end attractive and wayward, never a minx or a coquette, though behaving like both. But her character is too inconclusive to justify the inconclusive ending of the book, or to tempt us into following, very closely, the author's Thackerayan review of her past and speculation as to her probable future. The abstract problems of the book, its religious and moral issues, are its weakest point; it is agreeable and often graceful apart from them.

Neither of those epithets would describe Miss Linn. She is the word "sinister" made flesh; and the earlier part of the book, which describes her descent on the unequal Irish household, and her abominable treatment of her cowering pupil, is very telling. Unfortunately there creeps into the relationship between the two women a hint of melodrama; the black and the white magic cancel each other out, and Miss Linn finally appears as a fierce but beneficent fairy godmother, her vitality absorbed by snobbery and good works, terrible only to the dissolute artist whom Sally had, much against his better judgment, persuaded into marrying her. After its impressive opening we hoped for something better from *Miss Linn* than lively but commonplace descriptions of Bohemian life in London and Paris.

Yesterday, too, is a curiously unequal book. It was a gesture of supreme masculinity, the act of a hundred-per-cent. he-man, for the hero to put the Isle of Wight into a state of siege simply in order that the heroine, rigorously imprisoned there, might indulge her taste for a romantic and forcible wooing. One can easily detect the places (they are about equal) where this extravaganza, with its charming side issues of Cabinet Ministers kidnapped by freebooting suffragettes on the high seas, fired Mr. Davey's imagination and where it did not. There is considerable humour in *Yesterday*, but more facetiousness.

Of Miss Sybil Creed's detective story, *The Shot*, one can say little except in praise. It combines good character-drawing with incredible ingenuity of plot; and only confirmed lovers of the very horrible will be disappointed in it.

L. P. Hartley.

THE FLYING DRAPER. By Ronald Fraser. (T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

The latest volume of Messrs. Fisher Unwin's "First Novel Library" possesses in a high degree both the faults and the freshness of a young author's first adventure. There is a very serious ideal at the back of Mr. Ronald Fraser's mind, but this accords but ill with the comedy with which the novel opens. Albert Codling, a draper in his lighter moments, is really a Super-Man, and as such, against all physical laws, makes wingless flights about the world at his pleasure. Mr. Fraser has humour and, as said above, ideals, but he mixes these elements with so inexperienced a hand that instead, as is his intention, of the humour reinforcing the ideals, it works against them. Far be it from us in these columns to discourage the fiction of fantasy; but that is a very different thing from the fiction of absurdity.

PICTURE FRAMES. By Thyra Winslow. (Constable. 7s. 6d. net.)

These stories are excellently written and excellently observed. Like much good American fiction, for all their virtues they lack impetus and energy: they exhibit a resolute and even-minded disillusionment. They are likely, therefore, to become tedious if read in mass; but, if each one is considered by itself, the reader will be astonished by the knowledge of character and psychology that they contain. "The Grandmother" is perhaps the best; it is a study of the pretences and subterfuges by which an old woman, who lives in rotation in the homes of her dull and selfish children, manages to persuade herself that her life is romantic and that she is to be envied for the brightness of her old age.

THE PAINTED CASTLE. By Gertrude Spinny. (Edward Arnold. 7s. 6d. net.)

This story is concerned with the reincarnation of a woman and two men who in the eighteenth century lived in the Castle of Vyerolles in France. It might be argued that the world was not at all improved by this resuscitation, and that the attractive Marianne, her husband, and her lover had better have remained dead. In fact, Trollope's emendation of the motto on a hatchment would be appropriate. This ran "Resurgam" and was corrected to "Requiescat in Pace," freely translated as "You'd a deal better stay where you are." That Miss Spinny contrives to invest her story and her personages with charm and verisimilitude may, taking the nature of the plot, be called something of a feat. The young bookseller, James Paterson, who forms the third of the reappearing trio, is far more attractive than the woman and man who have the claim of kinship to be found at Vyerolles. He, however, has no apparent right. Notwithstanding the many coincidences necessary in so fantastic a plot, the book possesses whimsical and graceful qualities which will carry the reader on to the end.

ANTHONY DARE. By Archibald Marshall. (Collins. 7s. 6d. net.)

In the days of the Victorian novelist this book would have been the first volume of the life story of its hero. So Mr. Marshall tells us it is now; but, unfortunately, the modern practice is to publish the introduction to a long story as a complete work, thereby, unless its interest is absorbing, risking the danger of oblivion in the reader before the next sections are available. For it is to be observed that the author in his introductory note promises to provide later *volumes*—in the plural. It would be unfair to judge of a portion of a novel as though it were a whole, and until we are given the development of the story we can only say that, while no attempt at subtle psychology is made, the book contains a good objective study of a boy's life.

PASSIONS AND PINPRICKS. By Carola Prosperi. (A. M. Philpot. 7s. 6d.)

These little stories may well be described as "pinpricks"—they are so sharply pointed and so painful. They tell of the great misery of middle-class Italian life and seek its small causes. These causes, however, remain shadowy; the misery is vivid indeed.

OTHER NOVELS.—*Fire Mountain.* By Norman Springer. (Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.)—The opening chapters of this novel are as good as they could possibly be. The rest of it, which is very ordinary, is by contrast positively exasperating. The author, like a good American, makes all his incredible villains either English or Japanese.——*Card Castle.* By Alec Waugh. (Grant Richards. 7s. 6d.)—Mr. Waugh has apparently no longer anything to say, nor has he any particular style in which to say it. But he considers it very naughty to go into the private rooms of restaurants, and he considers writing—if his recent memoir is to be believed—a delightfully simple and unlaborious way of making a living. So presumably he will go on building his Card Castles every few months.——*Needles and Pins.* By Oliver Madox Hueffer. (Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.)—It is very difficult in this Year of Grace to get up an interest in other people's matrimonial entanglements, especially when the theme is treated, as nowadays it is sure to be treated, entirely without heroics. Although Mr. Hueffer takes his conception ready made, he has at least the grace not to believe in it too seriously; and it must be accounted merit to him that by the end of the book he has certainly contrived to pick his hero to pieces pretty successfully.

SHORTER NOTICES.

SCOTTISH POTTERY. By J. Arnold Fleming, O.B.E. (Glasgow: Maclehose, Jackson and Co. 25s. net.)

This, the first book on Scottish pottery, calls for another one—one which shall be devoted exclusively to the early work that Mr. Fleming cursorily dismisses as crude. Such work as that manufactured in the sixteenth century at Calton, had it been developed upon, would have produced, in Scotland, a traditional pottery, powerful and aesthetic, instead of the slick and highly technical work which ultimately did evolve. This later work leaves one amazed at the rapidity with which the inexpert Scottish craftsmen, in a short space of time, mastered an intricate and meaningless technique as foreign to their national characteristics as it was, in most cases, to good taste. Only in its domestic ware did Scotland maintain any degree of aesthetic value or self-respect. Happily some modern potteries still manufacture domestic-ware in the old tradition. The examples of early "brown domestic ware" on Plate II. can bear comparison with some of the Chinese shapes of the best periods, while even in the worst Chinese work it would be difficult to find anything quite so bad, aesthetically, as the Verreville vases of the early nineteenth century (Plate XIII.). In fairness to the Scottish people it may be said that these latter shapes did not meet with approval, and were commercially unsuccessful. If this were due, as Mr. Fleming says, purely to economic instincts in the race, one can only be glad that, in this case, economy and art became satisfactorily co-related. The introductory chapters are written in an interesting manner, but the illustrations are arranged very haphazardly in relation to the text.

WOODCUTS, and Some Words. By Edward Gordon Craig. (J. M. Dent and Sons. 10s. 6d. net.)

One of the chief reasons for the charm of this book lies in the fact that it has been written by one who has actually handled the tools of the craft about which he has written. Too many books on art suggest the thwarted creator who, as self-styled critic, hoists himself to glory on the backs of the artists whose works he describes in high-sounding phrases which are equally valueless as criticism and as creative literature. The first part of Mr. Gordon Craig's book is taken up, for the most part, by his attempt to convince us that he is practical. And, on his own definition of the word, he almost persuades us to accept him as such. The world, however, has a different idea of practicability. And the world, unlike Mr. Craig, does not believe in minority rule—at least, when it is too obvious. The latter part of the book consists of practical hints on wood engraving—hints which should prove of benefit not only to students, but also to those who only desire to appreciate. There are fifty-eight illustrations of the author's work, all of which are admirable examples of the wood-engraver's art.

CROTCHETS. By Percy A. Scholes. (John Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)

Musical criticism may consist of disguised platitudes or fashionable jargon, and the problem of writing for a heterogeneous public admits no other easy solution. Mr. Percy Scholes, from his weekly pulpit in the *Observer*, adopts the simple expedient of disguising his critical theory in the jargon of common sense, and this collection of essays from that source must be condemned first of all for the method employed and then extenuated by the writer's motive. It would be hard to overestimate the importance of Mr. Scholes' work as arch-educator to the gramophone and wireless public; England greatly needs educating in music. Even the assumedly intelligent audiences in West-End concert halls sometimes betray their ignorance of the elements of musical form by applauding when there is a pause in a familiar composition. Yet in a picture gallery no one would walk away satisfied from a portrait that consisted of a superbly painted jacket and no head. In *Crotchets* there are many attempts to elucidate music for the plain man. The most damaging criticism of the latest works of Stravinsky must be based on the faulty construction of his thematic material and his slipshod adaptation of sonata form, and Mr. Scholes is particularly illuminating on Stravinsky. A section of *Crotchets* that will divert many people is the analysis of various popular songs of the day. They resolve into degraded folk tunes or resuscitated melodies by forgotten composers. Some notes on Scriabin are among the more interesting of the very diverse contents of the book, and they might well form the germ of a new and impartial study of that misunderstood composer.

SOCIAL STRUGGLES IN THE MIDDLE AGES. By M. Beer. Translated by H. J. Stenning and revised by the author. (Parsons. 6s. net.)

The nature of this book, the second volume of a series of five to be devoted to "A General History of Socialism and Social Struggles," is hardly indicated by its title. It is concerned with the influence of philosophic and religious idealism upon social thought, the period covered being from the fourth to the fourteenth century, beginning with the essence and sources of mediæval communism and ending with the spread and persecution of the Cathari. When it is known that the book comprises only two hundred rather small pages, it will be understood that severe condensation has been effected and, indeed, to such an extent as to rob the language of natural flow. The reader is overloaded with terms and the phraseology is often cumbersome. Through all the defects we get interesting glimpses of the growth of early social thought, but the book is too compressed to be successful.

THE REMAKING OF RUSSIA. By Kurt Wiedenfeld. Translated from the German by Eden and Cedar Paul. (The Labour Publishing Company. 8s. 6d.)

Herr Wiedenfeld was for a year the German representative at Moscow, so that he has written his book from personal observation. He takes the view that no class in Russia wants another revolution. It is easy to believe that, and we must look now rather for gradual change than for another upheaval. Herr Wiedenfeld declares without reservation that the Communist system, as applied to industry, has failed. He thinks that the New Economic Policy will continue to improve the position of the country, but that this will mean the permanent acceptance of capitalism.

FINANCE—PUBLIC & PRIVATE.

[By Our City Editor.]

GENERAL OPTIMISM.

[*To the Editor of the* Spectator.]

Sir,—Optimism has been the prevailing note in the Markets during the past week. Actual speculative operations have been restrained pending uncertainties with regard to political developments, and especially with regard to the outcome of the German elections with their possible effect upon the Reparation problem, but practically all departments of the Stock Exchange have displayed a good tone, and price movements have usually been in favour of holders.

Hopefulness still prevails with regard to the outcome of the Reparation crisis, and, for the moment, moreover, it is a kind of cheerfulness which is wholly favourable to public securities, for while, following any clearing up of the political tangle in Europe, a trade expansion may fairly be hoped for, it is considered unlikely that such expansion would be so rapid or so marked as to have any material effect upon money rates for some time to come. Meanwhile, not only have supplies of credits been increased by the disbursement of some few millions in Government dividends, but a more confident feeling in the Money Market has been inspired by the reduction recently announced of the Federal Reserve Rediscount rate in the United States. This, indeed, is quite an important development.

During the first half of last year our own Bank Rate of 3 per cent. was 1½ per cent. below the official value of money in New York. Then, last July, when there were signs that as a result of this discrepancy, our Money Market was being made a convenience of by New York, our own Bank Rate was raised to 4 per cent., still leaving, however, the official rate in the States ½ per cent. above us, while the New York Market rate of discount was considerably above the level of London. Latterly there has been a good deal of talk as to the possibility of a further rise in our own Bank Rate, should this wide divergence between London and New York money rates continue. Now, however, that the Federal Reserve rate has been reduced to the level of the official rate of discount here, there is no longer the same tendency to anticipate any rise in the Bank Rate here, and that in itself is a factor which has operated favourably upon Markets.

Then, as I predicted last week, the immediate effect of the Budget so far as the Stock Exchange is concerned has been wholly favourable, relief that it is out of the way, coupled with the good points in it, such as the maintenance of the Sinking Fund and the abandonment of the Corporation Profits Tax favourably affecting most departments, and, not least, industrial shares which are bound to benefit by the removal of the Corporation Profits Tax. It is true that other items in the Budget, and notably the abolition of the McKenna Duties, are causing a keen political agitation, but, for the moment, the City is more concerned with the direct financial points in Mr. Snowden's statement, however much it may agree with the political critics as to the inadvisability of an immediate repeal of the motor duties.

Nor have the activities of the investor been confined to the acquirement of existing securities, for those fresh capital issues which have made their appearance have been eagerly responded to. At the moment of writing, it looks as though further capital issues during the month would be numerous and important. By the end of the week a further issue for £1,700,000 under the Trades Facilities Act by the North Wales Power Company is expected, and one or two more issues under that Act by other concerns are expected ere long. One or two interesting foreign loans are also on the *tapis*, while among Industrial flotations a large issue of capital in connexion with the Covent Garden Estates and the Beecham Manufacturing Company is expected somewhere about the middle of the month.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

Arthur W. Kiddy.

The City, May 7th.

FINANCIAL NOTES.

What may be termed the spirit of anti-bank amalgamations is in the air, and I doubt if it would be easy nowadays to get Treasury consent to a banking fusion involving any important increase in the size of our mammoth banking institutions. Of an entirely different character, however, is the proposed acquirement by Glyn, Mills, Currie Holt and Company of the famous old private banking business of Child and Company of Fleet Street, and it is not surprising that the proposal has already received Treasury consent, although it should be noted that the proposed acquirement is subject to sanction of the Court of Chancery as required by the will of the late Lord Jersey. A more suitable alliance it would be difficult to conceive, for it marks the amalgamation of our oldest banking institution with the greatest remaining private bank, and coming on the heels of the recent absorption of the private bank of Holts, it shows that Glyn's Bank are fully alive to the desirability of a suitable expansion of their activities, and now their interests in the West End are becoming almost as important as their long-established City connexion.

* * * *

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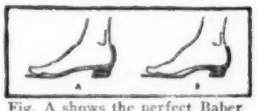

Fig. A shows the perfect Baber fitting which supports the arch, whilst Fig. B shows the ordinary method which does not.

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of our banking history from its very beginnings. For the real origin of Child's Bank seems lost in the mists of antiquity, and a reference to the Banking Almanac simply shows that it was established "sometime before the year 1600." Its preserved records go back to the time of the Charles's, while coming to more recent times, it is generally accepted that "Child's" stands for the famous Tellson's of *The Tale of Two Cities*. I understand that no change in the conduct of Child's Bank—which will be known as Child's Branch of Glyn, Mills and Co.—will be involved in the proposed fusion, the management being carried on by Mr. Frederick W. Fane, who also becomes a managing partner in the combined institution. It is now reported in the City that when the amalgamation is actually carried through Messrs. Glyn, Mills, Currie Holt and Company will take the opportunity of shortening the title of their bank to Glyn, Mills and Company. Many will regret the disappearance of such household names as Holt and Currie, but these are the days of short and popular bank titles.

* * * *

A year ago I referred in these columns to the indications that under the Chairmanship of Lord Ebury, the outlook for shareholders in the Army and Navy Co-Operative Society was brightening. Undoubtedly, Lord Ebury is an enthusiast in the affairs of the company under his care, and the results are beginning to show. The dividend has been increased, so that, needless to say, there has been an advance in profits, while there is a large increase in the number of purchasing members. Not the least interesting feature of Lord Ebury's speech at the meeting on the 30th ult was the indication which it gave that he is alive, not only to the immediate affairs of his own institution, but to those great industrial and social problems which affect all our industrial activities from greatest to smallest. Business men will entirely endorse Lord Ebury's summing up of the situation when he expressed the opinion "that until some constitutional method of settling trade disputes is made a condition precedent to direct action by either side, industrial troubles will continue, and the much needed impetus to the trade of the country will be retarded."

* * * *

Apart from the Accident Departments, which in some cases have shown disappointing results, many of the leading Insurance companies have published satisfactory figures of late, while in the Life offices, quinquennial valuations have, for the most part, given good results. Two companies which may be cited as having just recently published favourable reports are the London Assurance Company and the Liverpool and London and Globe. The former recently announced a slightly higher dividend, while the net sum brought into Profit and Loss from the various department is about £35,000 more than in the previous year, after adding £100,000 to the Fire Fund, and £50,000 to the Marine Fund, while the various Accident Funds were raised from £156,000 to £205,000. In the Life Department new Assurances amounted to £1,320,000, while Life Funds advanced by £279,000 to £3,660,000, the gross rate of interest earned being £3 9s. 10d. per cent. on the Life Funds. In the case of the Liverpool and London and Globe Company, the report fully confirms the hopefulness expressed by the Chairman at the annual meeting a year ago as to the company having emerged successfully from the difficult period through which it had passed, and it is now evident that under the present management the improved organization of the company's operations in the United States is yielding good results. For the past year there was a large increase in the Fire Premium income, while the net trading *loss* of the previous year of £32,821 has been converted into a *profit* of £238,154. Similarly, in the Marine department the deficit for the previous year has been transformed into a trading profit of £43,185. The quinquennial valuation has also yielded satisfactory results and the surplus at December 31st last was sufficient to maintain the reversionary bonus at £1 15s. per cent. per annum, while it has been decided to increase the Interim Bonus from £1 10s. per cent. per annum to £1 15s. per cent. per annum.

A. W. K.

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PLAYS.

STRAND.—*Stop Flirting* .. .. .. 8.30—2.30
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ST. JAMES'.—*The Green Goddess* .. .. 8.30—2.30
[A shocker for the fastidious. Furiously exciting.]

WYNDHAM'S.—*To Have the Honour* .. .. 8.45—2.30
[Mr. Milne's play with wit and observation and no plot.]

QUEEN'S.—*Come In* .. .. 8.30—2.30
[Not a very successful revue, but it is the only one in which Miss Lee White can be seen at present.]

FILMS.

AT THE WHITECHAPEL PAVILION (from May 12th daily, 6.0 and 8.15).—*The Ancient Law.*
[An exquisitely photographed and really praiseworthy film of Jewish life in East Europe, which is well worth a visit to the quite accessible Whitechapel theatre. The story of a young Jew's ambition to become a great classical actor, his conflict with the Rabbi his father, his adventures with strolling players, and his final success at the Burgtheater in Vienna are all infused with a dignity and intelligence rare enough either on screen or stage. The scenes of Jewish life and ceremony are quite as thrilling and rare as anything in the best travel films, and the acting is on a very high level throughout. Ernst Deutsch (called, for some reason, Ernest German) as the hero and Henny Porten as the Archduchess who patronizes him, are exceptionally good.]

AT THE PICTURE HOUSE, OXFORD STREET (May 12th-17th, continuous).—*George Washington, Junr.*
[An amusing film, something of a satire on the usual "cro k" drama, in which freckle-faced Wesley Barry provides excellent fun.]

AT THE EMBASSY CINEMA, HOLBORN (daily 2.30, 5.30 and 8.30).—*Kean.*
[Mosjoukine, the Russian actor, in the name-part of Dumas' version of Edmund Kean's life-story.]

AT THE MARBLE ARCH PAVILION (May 9th to 17th, continuous).—*The Great White Silence.*
[The Scott Antar tic film.]

PICTURES.

ST. GEORGE'S GALLERY, 32A GEORGE ST., HANOVER SQ.
[First exhibition of the Society of Printmakers. This extremely interesting group are using the various methods of printing to express their visions directly, and as a complement to their brushes and pencils. They are all artists as well as craftsmen. The members exhibiting are Messrs. Maresco Pearce, Charles Ginner, John and Paul Nash, Randolph Schwabe, Robert Bevan, Frances Unwin, Lucien Pissarro, Edward Wadsworth and Ethelbert White.]

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MUSIC.

May 11th.—HYDE PARK HOTEL, KNIGHTSBRIDGE .. 9.0
[A notable chamber concert organized by Mme. Adela Maddison, Mr. Eugène Goossens's Piano quintet, the composer at the piano, and a new oboe and string quintet by the versatile Mr. Arnold Bax with the Kutcher Quartet and Mr. Léon Goossens. Tickets from Sec., 5 Langham Street, W.1.]

May 12th.—AEOLIAN HALL.—Bach Recital 8.30
[Mr. Harold Samuel, a fine exponent of Bach, begins his week of Bach piano recitals, with the *Chromatic Fantasia*. On May 13th, at 3.15, he plays the *Goldberg Variations*, on May 15th, at 3.15, the *Italian Concerto in F*.]

May 13th.—CHELSEA TOWN HALL.—English Songs .. 8.15
[Mr. John Coates, a very real artist, whose intimate yet never obtrusive manner lends new and unexpected delights to every song he sings.]

May 14th.—AEOLIAN HALL.—Chamber Concert .. 5.15
[The London Wind Quintet is playing Roussel's *Divertissement*, Lefabre's Quintet, and a new work by Mr. Eugène Goossens, who is also composer of the two Harp preludes that Miss Sibyle Goossens will play.]

May 15th.—4C LANGFORD PLACE, N.W. 8 .. .. 8.0
[The Ladies' String Quartet and the accomplished Miss Harriet Cohen. Tickets in advance from above address.]

May 16th.—QUEEN'S HALL.—Handel Society .. 8.15
[Some of the original music from *Boris Godunov* divested of Rimsky-Korsakov's mistaken emendations. Mr. Eugène Goossens's remarkable choral work *Silence* and Brahms's *Requiem*.]

LECTURES.

May 13th.—GREAT HALL, KING'S COLLEGE.—Dr. Percy Dearmer on "Watteau, Fragonard and After" 5.30

May 14th.—KING'S COLLEGE.—Professor C. G. Seligman on "Racial Problems of the Empire" .. 5.30
[Admission free.]

May 16th.—SHAKESPEARE ASSOCIATION, KING'S COLLEGE, STRAND.—Mr. William Poel on "Some Theories about *All Is True*, a play which in 1612 caused the destruction of the First Globe Playhouse" 5.30

May 13th.—KING EDWARD'S HOSPITAL FUND—3rd of series of Guide Lectures to places of popular interest—Somerset House 3.15
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May 15th.—(*a*) Royal Mint; (*b*) Bonded Vaults; (*c*) Execution ground 2.30
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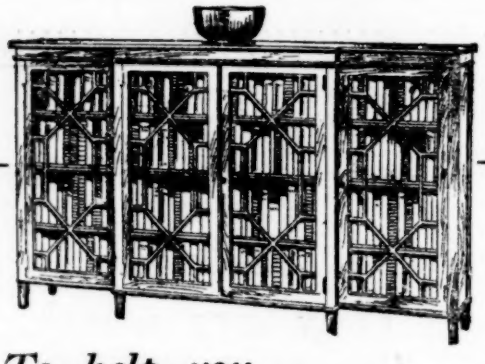

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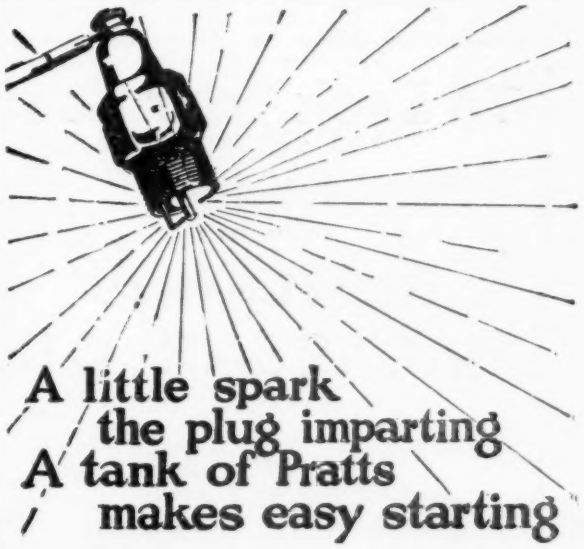

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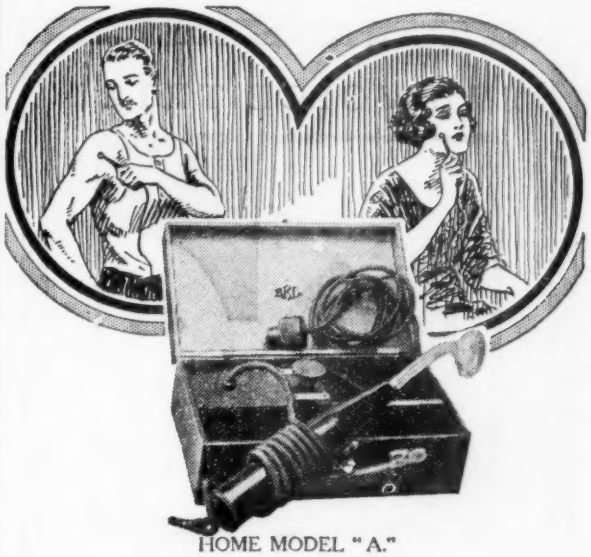

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